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WAIFS IN VERSE

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WAIFS IN VERSE

BY

G. W. WICKSTEED, Q. C.

LAW CLERK HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA.

OTTAWA:
A. BUREAU & FRÈRES, PRINTERS.

1887

PR 9199
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W524
1887
MAIN

TO

MY WIFE, MY CHILDREN AND MY FRIENDS

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

ERRATA

Page. 3 *Line* 12, *five* "back" *put* 'bark."
" 57 *Line* 13, *for* "Wright" *put* "right."
" 58 *Line* 3 *of Song* for "send" *put* "sent."
" 105 *Line* 10, *from bottom, after* "true" *insert* "to"
" 138 *Line* 3 *after* "duty" *for* "to" *put* "to"
" 139 *Verse* 5, *for* "on" *put* "me"
" 155 *Line* 5, *from bottom*, for "warrier" *put* "warrior."
Which the reader will oblige the author by correcting.

IN NOTES AND APPENDIX

" X *Line* 9, *after* "and" *insert* "am"
" XVI *Line* 21, *after* quietly *for* "at" *put* "with."
" XVI *Line* 28, for "1732" *put* "1832."

NOTE.—The additions made to the work as printed in 1878, are—
NOTE on page XIII of Apology.
Pages 137 to 165—both inclusive.
Pages VIII to X of NOTES
Appendix— pages XI to XVII—both inclusive.

Ce fin recueil de poésies détachées, où l'enthousiasme du patriote se mêle à la verve caustique du chansonnier, la note légèrement sentimentale avec la petite pointe du satiriste de bonne humeur. C'est là un petit volume fort intérsssant sous bien des rapports, et pour lequel nous offrons nos plus sincères remerciements à l'auteur.—Dr. L. FRÉCHETTE, *La Patrie, 15 July, 1884.*

"WAIFS IN VERSE," a brilliant, amusing and instructive little volume. Mr. Wicksteed's great age (over 80) does not prevent him from still indulging in the writing of excellent verse, and occasional translations of great merit. SERANUS, *Canadian Birthday Book*, Toronto, 1887.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR MY

WAIFS IN VERSE.

GENTLE READER AND FRIEND,

Except only in the matter of *dollars*, any intention of making which by the sale of my Waifs I utterly renounce, the Preface I wrote for my good friend Mrs. Grant's "STRAY LEAVES" so nearly states the inducements which led me to print this little volume, and the spirit in which I wish you to read it, that on the points which that preface touches I needs scarcely say more;—and I have, therefore, (contrary to my general rule,) placed it first in my table of contents. But the reasons therein given for bespeaking your favorable criticism, relate only to the quality of the articles, and I must therefore say something about their matter and spirit. They are indeed WAIFS, born of the occasion and with no object beyond it; and so little care had I taken of them, that many were lost altogether, and but for the kindness of some of my friends who had kept copies of them, and more especially of my brother and my excellent friend, the late Honorable Judge Black of Quebec, I should have been unable to collect enough to make this modest little book; and as WAIFS, written each for its own special occasion, and generally at the instance of some friend whose views and feeling it was to express, I wish them to be judged. Many of those which may seem most trivial to the general reader, will be most acceptable to some of my dearest friends, rom the pleasant memories they will awaken. For the rest, I must not hope entirely to escape the application of Mrs. Grant's confession: I *may* have a modest wish for honorable mention in

the Canadian List of Authors, as having written something besides Statutes and Tables of Statutes;—

> In Morgan's useful book my place is small;
> In stately Taylor's work I've none at all;—

I *may* have a secret aspiration for a higher place in the former and some little obscure niche in the latter:—"Vanity perhaps assisting." I have arranged the pieces almost always in the order of their birth, and the earlier ones are therefore the most sentimental. I was young then and am old now; but hope you will think the lines on old Christ Church, and the touching *In Memoriam* to the *Times*, shew that in my old age the quality is not quite extinct in me.

But, you may ask, why should I, a rather ancient Q. C. and Law Clerk to the House of Commons, write and print verses. My good friend, what I have done officially is the very reason and justification for what I am doing now. An English author apologizing for his hero, an apothecary, who attaches a short poem to the neck of his physic vial, exclaims,—

> "Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?"
> "If patients swallow physic without reason"
> "It is but fair to add a little rhyme;"—

and asks indignantly—

> "Can n't men have taste who cure a phthisic."
> "Of poetry tho' patron God,
> "Apollo patronizes physic."

Now I have helped to make the public to swallow some thousands of pages of heavyish reading prescribed by legislative doctors, in the shape of laws, and I am, therefore, not merely entitled, but bound in fairness, to give them a *little* rhyme? Lawyers and Legislators have been poets. A grave Lord Chancellor of England in advising students at law as to the distribution of their time, after bidding them give six hours to the study of "equal laws," and certain other hours to other things, tells them to give the rest to the Muses,—"*Quod superest ultra*

Sacris largire Camœnis." Talfourd was a sergeant-at-law when he wrote "Ion," on the beauties of which our leading litterateur is so fond of discoursing. The late Mr. Joseph Howe and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, both published some very capital poetry. I do not know that any of our present leading politicians have distinguished themselves in verse, but they must have the main element of poesy in them, when their very opponents acknowledge their speeches to be "full of invention," and of "imagination all compact." On this point, therefore, I am justified by precedent and authority as ample as a lawyer could wish for.

But you may perhaps object, that I have occasionally been a little harder on public men and their doings than befits my position:—that I by no means inculcate teetotalism as becomes the author of a Temperance Bill;—and that I am sometimes slightly critical on my French Canadian fellow subjects. But be pleased, my dear friend, to remember that I almost always wrote in a representative character, and had to express the feelings and views of my constituents, my *non-paying* clients, rather than my own. The Quebec Gazette, under the late John Neilson, and his successor, had its own notions about things in general, and the Coalition in particular, very different from those of the Transcript, a literary paper edited by Mrs. Grant:—while the Pilot differed from both;—and when I said, in the New Year's Address of the latter, that Mr. Hincks,—

> "Would the Taxes impose in so charming a way,
> "'Twould be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay;"

my Muse was in charge of her Pilot, and steered my verses as he directed, and if Mr. H. did not *quite* fulfil her vaticination it was not my fault,—nor perhaps his; he tried his best, as Mr. Cartwright is doing now; and even *he* may possibly come short, and the complete accomplishment of the prophecy may beleft for the Finance Minister of the Millenium. Then as to Temperance;—I am myself fond of cold water,—but I was not to sing

my own songs. Lord Byron complains of being expected to make Lucifer talk like a Clergyman ; and no one who knew my friend Archibald Campbell, Esq., Her Majesty's Notary Public, of Quebec, would have thought it natural to make him sing like Father Matthew or a Rouge from St. Roch's, When I wrote for my worthy brother or Major Lindsay nothing could be more innocent and harmless than my lines.

As to my Gallic fellow citizens, I loved them dearly, as Mr Neilson did, until they broke out into rebellion, and I love them again (as he would do if alive) now that they are quiet and loyal. They should not have rebelled ; but after all they only contended for what we would all now fight to retain. Messrs. Papineau, Viger, Vallières, Lafontaine and Cartier were my tried and honored friends. Of all the Speakers under whom I have served, no one was kinder or more courteous than Mr. Papineau ; of all the Ministers I have worked with and for, none more so than Sir George Cartier. I have always loved the eloquent language of France and been conversant with it. I was Translator before I was Law Clerk ; and perhaps the most acceptable compliment I ever received was from Mr. Vallières, when in returning me with thanks a translation I had made for him, he said " *Æquavit ne-dum superavit exemplum.*" I was young then and had a name to make and never forgot the kindness.

The New Year's Addresses are only lively versified memoranda of some of the more marked events of the expiring year, viewed in the spirit of the Journals they were written for, but they will, I hope, awaken many not unpleasant recollections of old times in many of my readers. The Ephemeral Government Bill, and the *Coup d'Etat*, are but short chapters in rhyme of the history my heroes *made*; and the White Wash Bill is a versified " Tract for the Times. " The " Little Gun " is the only article into which any thing like personal feeling entered.

With the help of Messrs. Hincks and Dunkin, I amended the Attorney General's Seigniorial Bill, and abolished that opprobrium of the seigniorial tenure, the *lods et ventes*, or mutation fines. We did not think we got our full share of credit for this work. Hence our little squib. But we are all good friends now, and have been for the four and twenty years since past. L. T. D. and Mr. Dunkin were made judges, Mr. Hincks became Sir Francis and a Governor, and I got my Q. C., not undeservedly, I trust, for, apart from this great service to Lower Canada, few men have given H. M.'s advisers more *accepted* advice than I have done. I was told that on *this* occasion I came near upsetting the good ship Coalition, but the Attorney General kindly gave way and relieved the strain, and she swam upright again.

With this exception I never had a misunderstanding with Minister or Member; yet before this year is out I shall have been fifty years in my present office of Law Clerk and Translator, and forty of these as Chief; nor has any one ever said that I gave undue preference to any party or person, though it has depended on me that many *thousands* of bills should be examined, printed, corrected, noted, translated and put through all their stages, each in its lawful order and turn; and a very considerable portion of them had to be drafted or amended. I made many a Bill for the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and translated the famous 92 Resolutions;— was Chief Assistant to Mr. Attorney General Ogden in the time of the Special Council, and helped to make (among others) the first Registration Bill and Municipal Bill for L. C., and the first Board of Works Bill. For the Legislature of the United Canadas, I drafted, under Mr. Draper's instructions, the first Municipal Bill for U. C., the first Post office Bill under Mr. Lafontaine's and the first Currency Bill under Mr. Hincks' and a great many others under divers Ministers and Ministries

from 1841 to 1867; and for the Parliament of Canada I have, under divers Ministries also drafted, consolidated, revised, amended, or had some not unimportant part, in almost every Public Bill which has originated in the House of Commons, and have worked with and for almost every Minister and every Member of note. I am proud to say that the best and ablest on either side have ever treated me with the most consideration and confidence. I am by nature and habit non-partizan and inclined to look at both sides of every question, and this was well, for no party man could perform the duties of my office with pleasure to himself or satisfaction to the House. Party spirit has run high, and Members have said hard things and accused one another of all sorts of abominations, in the heat of party strife;—but this I can say,—no one of any party has ever asked me to draft or help to draft, bill, clause, amendment or resolution which I do not think he honestly believed to be for the good of Canada independent of party;—and I feel sure that the foremost men on either side, whom I am proud to call my friends, might, and would in their calmer moments, fairly say, with Coriolanus, to those of their opponents worthy of their steel,—

> "I've done as *you* have done,—that's what I could,—
> "Induced as you have been,—that's for my country."

I have ventured to finish with a National Anthem for Canada. There are plenty of poems and songs about "Canada First," and woods and lakes and mountains, and maple leaves and beavers, many of which are very pretty in themselves, but want concentration, and are not *singable* to any tune that any body knows. I have tried to avoid these objections; and trust there is little of the expletive or diffusive in my wording, while my theme is widely patriotic, and my tune known and sung or played wherever the British flag flies. There can be no

National Anthem but " God save the Queen " for Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada.

G. W. W.

Ottawa, 23rd April, 1878.

Note.—In the present Reprint of my *Waifs in Verse;* I leave the old Title and Title page, because all it contains was written while I still held the office of Law-Clerk of the House of of Commons of Canada, which I resigned at the end of January, 1887, when I had held it, and a like office under the Legislature of Lower Canada and the Province of Canada, for 58 years, and was rather over 87 years of age:—I retain my " Apology " as equally applicable to the contents of this and to those of the former litle book. I have added several " *Waifs* " written since it was printed, and some explanatory notes. With respect to the longest of the new pieces, (my translation of Dr. L. Fréchette's " *Fors l'honneur* "). I may say, that having been at the same time Law Clerk and Chief of the Translation Department, I thought it well, " Vanity perhaps again assisting, " to insert a sample of my quality in the latter capacity, in which I had for so many years, had the French Version of every Act passed by the House, read over to me by the French Translator with the English before me; and I believe, we left but few mistakes if any.

The prose additions in the Appendix belong rather to my quality of Law Clerk. I have always refrained from meddling with personal or party politics, but in questions of pure law or public policy I have taken deep interest, and have now and then ventured an article in a Law Journal or Newspaper. I insert two on subjects which drew considerable attention at the time and which are still of great interest. To that on " *Time* " I have added an explanatory note. That on " *Socialism* " scarcely needs one, in view of the recent outburst of *Anarchism* preaching the enforcement of the wildest doctrines of Socialism, by

murder, robbery and the violation of every right held sacred by honest men; the only avowed end being the destruction of life and property by the most cowardly and inhuman means.

To whatever criticism my little book may be open, it can hardly be said to want variety, or harp always on one string or deal only with one class of subjects or mood of thought.—"*Nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit*".—The ablest critics are always the kindest; will any very gentle reader add, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*,"—and oblige—His or hers very truly,

G. W. W.

Ottawa, 18 November, 1887.

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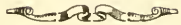

PREFACE

To Mrs. Grant's "Stray Leaves."

Written at her request.

Should you ask me, gentle Reader,—
Very kind and gentle Reader,—
Easy, kind and soft subscriber
To the volume now before you,
How I came to write this volume,—
What inducement made me print it,—
How I hope to pay the printer!—
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the strain of Hiawatha:
I had not the least intention,
When I penned my modest verses,
That they ever in a volume
Should collected be, and printed;
Printed, prefaced, bound, and published!
Thus it happened:— From my childhood,

Like young Pope, "I lisped in numbers"
(All, I fear, we have in common,)
And whene'er occasion prompted,
Slight or weighty, grave or merry,
Birth or burial, christening, wedding,
Sad removal, happy meeting,
Tearful parting, joyous greeting,
Action brave or patriotic,
Faithful love or warlike daring,
I must have my "lines" upon it,
Venting all my soul in rhyming.
As I grew in years and stature,
Editors my verses welcomed,
Friends around me kindly flatter'd,
Urged me to collect and publish,
Offered to become a subscribers,
Offered to procure me others;
Talked of profits, talked of dollars,
(Things I very sadly needed,)
Talked until at last I yielded,—
Vanity, *perhaps*, assisting.
Thus it comes to pass, O Reader,
That I throw me on thy mercy,—
Book and author on thy mercy.

Sages tell us that the medium
Through the which we see an object,
Gives it colour bright or gloomy,—
Gives it ugliness or beauty,
Makes it lovely or unlovely;
Therefore, when thou art perusing
This my unpretending volume,
Read it with the eye of friendship,
Read it by the light of kindness,

Through good nature's rosiest glasses:
So its unpresuming pages
Shall for thee seem gay with fancy,
Bright with wit and warm with feeling,
Burning with poetic passion,
Glowing with reflected beauty
From thy heart, O gentle Reader!
Thus shall recompense be made thee,
Fair, and good, and manifold,
And thy dollars be repaid thee,
Like a "greenback" turned to gold.

SONG.*

As slowly glides from shore the back,
When day's last beam is just departing,
And all around is drear and dark,
Life's saddest tear is starting;
Nor hope itself can lend a ray
To light the pensive wanderer's way.
Allegro.—Yet morn again shall gild the skies,
And love's gay visions yet shall rise.
To soothe the pain of parting.

How dear is then our native shore,
How dear, to every better feeling,
The smile that fond affection wore
Love's purest form revealing:—
How sad, o'er ocean's waste to roam,
Far from the sacred joys of home.

---

* Written for a lady and adapted to the Air of "Mary of the Ferry."

All.—But hope shall come with coming day
To chase the heart-felt tear away,
That down the cheek is stealing.

The ship still cleaves her foamy way,
From home and love and friendship gliding,
Opposing still the dashing spray,
And wave from wave dividing :
But onward as the vessel goes
Again the parted waters close :—
All.—So hearts, where love and friendship reign,
Shall only part to meet again,
In mutual faith confiding.

And fiercer now the billows rise,
Against the gallant vessel beating ;
Before the gale,—as on she flies,
The clouds of night are fleeting ;
But winds that part from all that's dear
Serve too our onward path to clear :
All.—So years of painful absence past
Shall, when we meet again at last,
Enhance the joys of meeting.

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

Holy Virgin chaste and fair
Hear the wandering sailor's prayer ;—
Empress of the restless sea,
Let our vows ascend to thee.
Swiftly o'er the swelling tide
Bid our bark in safety glide :

Still the pilots breast inform,
And shield us from the howling Storm.

Holy Virgin, Ocean's Queen,
Let thy mountain star be seen. *
While the world is wrapt in sleep
We must roam the pathless deep;
Far from pleasure, peace and home
O'er the bounding wave must roam.
Still the pilots breast inform
And shield us from the howling Storm.

HYMN AT SEA.

Creator of the Waters,—thou whose hand,
Formed them from nothing,—and at whose command
The restless winds are hushed,—thy guarding arm,
Can shield the wanderer on the wave from harm;—
To thee, while o'er the trackless deep,
A pensive exile roaming,
Where angry winds the waters sweep
And broken seas are foaming:
Still ere my soul can sink to rest
My prayers, my vows, shall be addressed.

While o'er the desert ocean's dreary waste
Form each dear scene of social joy I haste,
Though me afar the rolling waters bear
My prayers are England's and my home is there:
My dearest wish, my fervent vow,

* The Pole Star:—Tramontane.

With more than passion's zeal devoted,
To Heaven's high throne is rising now
For those on whom my heart has doated:—
From pleasure banished let me rove
Where'er thou wilt!—but those I love,
Almighty father!—let thy power
Make happier with each coming hour.

The sun has set, his faintest rays of light
Are streaming from the west. and sullen night
Wraps in her deepest shade the sea and sky:—
One solitary star is beaming high,
Whose dimly seem yet cheering ray
Thro' scenes of thickest darkness glancing.—
Still as the foaming waters play,
Upon the high dark wave is glancing.—
—Tho' friends are far and peril near
Faith can the wanderer's bosom cheer,
And beaming on his spirit be
Like the lone star on winter's sea.

SONG.

"PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE."

Parting for Syria's crimson'd fields
The youthful Stanley came
To Mary's hallowed altar, there
Invoked her sacred name.
"Chaste Queen of Heaven," he kneeling cried,
"Oh grant a warriors' prayer:—
"Let me be bravest of the brave
"And love the fairest fair."

He vow'd his vow to Mary there
With every sacred rite:
Then followed Richard to the war
And fields of thickest fight:
True his vow, 'mid battle's rage
Aloud he shouted there,—
"Let me be bravest of the brave
"And love the fairest fair."

Through him the victory was won:
His gallant leader cried,
"By thee my glory is obtain'd,
"My daughter be thy bride.
"For this I'd tell my warrior band,
"Tho' Richard's self were there,
"Thou art the bravest of the brave,
"She fairest of the fair."

The war had ceased, and Stanley then
Resought his native land,
And there at Mary's altar soon
Received his Emma's hand;
And all who knew his gallant deeds
And saw his Emma there,
Owned him the bravest of the brave,
Her fairest of the fair.

TO MY FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

Bright in the south now beams the God of day,
And tin-clad roofs return the sparkling ray;
From every chimney silvery vapours rise,
In whitening eddies to the deep-blue skies.

The cold snow creaks the passing foot beneath,
White on his eyebrow hangs the traveller's breath,
Th'else sallow cheek with deepest crimson glows,
And mocks the paleness of surrounding snows.

Frost o'er the scene in chilling splendor reigns
And binds St. Lawrence in his icy chains:
From bank to bank rough fields of ice extend,
Save one dark lake—whence steaming mists ascend,
As if the waters breathed. The cariole now
Speeds on its way beneath the tall ship's bow:
The red-tuqued habitants the market throng,
Witn noisy jokes and rough old Norman song;
The frozen meats now choke the crowded way,
And "coldly furnish forth" the well fill'd sleigh;
Hard hearted greens have felt stern "winter's flaws;"
Geese, turkies, fowls, confess his "biting laws;"—
To brittle fish the grating saw's applied,
And brandished axes solid milk divide.

Now annual visits must be duly paid,
And solemn calls with strict punctilio made;
The knowing whip—with "conscious pride of art."
In ticklish tandem plays the driver's part,
O'er the smooth road his graceful cariole glides,
And spotted furs o'erhang its polish'd sides,
Half the proud seat his blooming partner shares
And muffled to the chin the breath of winter dares.

Now fashion's votaries ply the knocker hard,
Madam's not in,—*tant mieux*—you leave your card:
She is—you enter—taste her cakes and wine,—
Pay compliments,—observe—"the weather's fine
But cold"—she smiles—you bow—and haste away
With other dames the same dull farce to play.

But, scorning fashion's cold and heartless law,
Close to the roaring stove my chair I draw,
Pensive I sit,—thick crowding fancies come,
Thought follows thought and ever thought is home.
And memory wakens :—at the enchantress' call
Bright visions rise—and home is in them all.

My father,—blessings be around thee spread,
And many a year fly gently o'er thy head,—
My mother,—oh could words my heart declare—
Expression wrongs the fervent wishes there,
He, whom alone I honour more than thee,
When I forget thee cease to think on me.

Dear Emily—may every coming year
Make thee to me—to all—more justly dear :—
Smooth be thy path—thy every prospect bright—
Thy days unclouded—and thy slumbers light :
A brother's blessing be on thee, my love,
And peace around thy steps where'er they rove.

* * * * * *

Alfred, Horatio,—Shakespeare's honor'd pages
Have told us human life has "*seven stages*: "
Oh may *your* stages with unjolting *wheel*
O'er life's Macadamised causeway steal.
In pleasure's *colors* be each scene arrayed
And hope's gay *varnish* over all be laid,
Honor and faith the *lamps* your course to guide,
And honest hearts the *passengers inside.*

Thou royal throne of kings—thou sceptred Isle,"
Land of my boyhood—where a mother's smile,

First waked my heart to love,—a father's hand,
Tended my infant steps, thou dear, dear land ;
From thee my feet but not my heart may roam,
Thou, England, art my Country and my home !
An Exile blesses thee from cot to throne :
May every patriot virtue be thine own :
Thy sons in arts and arms for ever shine ;
Valour and beauty be for ever thine ;
Thy flag triumphant over ocean wave,
And heaven's protecting arm my Country save !

SONG.

Air—"Rousseau's Dream."

Softly round thy pillow stealing
May love's image still be nigh,
Calling from the depths of feeling
Passion's tenderest, purest sigh :
May kind fancy's touch entrancing
Soothe thy soul with visions blest,
Till the sun's first day-beam glancing
Gently breaks thy balmy rest.

May magic tones of music falling
Seem to charm thy list'ning ear,
Joys that long have past recalling—
Bidding long-lov'd friends appear.
Like the moonbeam falling lightly
May thy dreams, dear Mary, be,
Coming o'er thy soul as brightly
As that beam descends on me.

TO E. M. A. W. WITH THOMSON'S SEASONS.

When I am gone, sister, forget me not;
When spring's returning warmth shall call each floweret
To wonted beauty, let affection's sigh
Be breath'd for me: if summer scorch the earth
Or autumn crown it with deep-blushing fruit,
Thro' all the seasons still remember me.
But chiefly when around the winter's fire
With well lov'd friends thou sittest and the tale
Of other days is caught from tongue to tongue,
When music's magic tones shall to thy memory
Recall the hours that we have passed together,
And friends then near us at the potent spell
Shall rise, like phantoms in a summer's dream,
Before thy waking eyes,—forget me not.

HYMN.

Air—"Adeste Fideles.

When deep'ning thunders roll on high,
And flashing light'nings rend the sky.
While thickening clouds obscure the day
Thy power, Jehovah, we survey.

When summer shines serene and fair
Thy balmy zephyr cools the air:
When autumn's waving crops appear
Thy love with plenty crowns the year.

Thro' the wide world thy power is shown,
In every land thy name is known,

And rocks of ice or plains of sand.
Display the same Almighty hand.

Thee burning Afric's sons confess,
Thee frozen Lapland's children bless,
For thou art He by all ador'd,
"Father of all," Creation's Lord.

HYMN.

Air—"German Hymn.

Glory be to God on high,
God whose mercy fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man be given
Man the well belov'd of Heaven.

Now let men with angels sing
Glory to the Almighty King;
Praise to him by all ador'd
Halleluiah to the Lord.

When the trumpet of the skies
Bids the buried dead arise,
Rocks shall melt and mountains fall
And boundless ruin swallow all:

Then the sun shall feel decay,
Then the stars shall fade away,
As the fleeting dreams of night
Vanish with the morning's light!

But with awful glory crown'd
Amid the crash of worlds around,
Jehovah's truth for ever fast,
Shall for endless ages last.

SAMPSON'S PRAYER.

Hear Jehovah, thou whose hand
Did the rushing waters close,
When from Egypt's hated land
Israel fled, on countless foes;
Now, while Dagon's sons of shame
Thy avenging arm defy,
While they mock thy sacred name
Hurl thy vengeance from on high.

God of Jacob, her my vow,
Hear my last—my fervent prayer;
Strengthen thou thy servant now
Aid the efforts of despair:
On Philistine heads around
Soon this vaulted roof shall fall
Dash'd in ruin, on the ground,
And destruction bury all.

He speaks—consenting Heav'n his prayer attends—
He bows,—the fabric falls and thousands die
Beneath its crush— and vengeance is his own.

ADVENT HYMN—(New Verses.)

Now, the sleep of ages breaking,
Hear th'archangel trumpet sound:
Nations from the grave awaking
Rise in countless myriads round.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Earth and sea, their dead restoring,
Shrinking own his awful name:
Bending crowds, their God adoring,
Now the Son of Man proclaim.
Halleluiah, Amen.

He, th'unjust, the proud, th'opressor,
Dooms to never-dying fires:
Pure religion's mock professor
Trembling at his word retires.
Halleluiah, Amen.

But the just and good approving
Who their Saviour's power confess'd,
He, mid saints and angels moving
Leads to endless joy and rest.
Halleluiah, Amen.

Hark! the blest Redeemer prasing
Millions join the glorious song:
Golden harps in triumph raising
Seraphim the strain prolong.
Halleluiah, Amen.

104TH PSALM.—(NEW VERSES.)

In light as a robe
Our God is arrayed;
At the voice of His thunder
The hills are afraid.
On the wings of the whirlwind
His chariot is borne,
While myriads of angels
His triumph adorn.

O'er the waves of the deep
His messenger flies;
At the voice of his bidding
The billows arise:—
The storm and the tempest
Are hushed at His will,
They hear His rebuking
And ocean is still.

O'er all that hath life
His providence reigns
His goodness created
His bounty sustains:
"To God their Creator,
"Let all creatures raise
"The hymn of thanksgiving
"Of worship and praise."

EPITAPH.

To the Memory of E. M. who died in her 4th year this Stone is dedicated by her Mother.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

To anxious hope, and ceaseless prayer denied,
He lies a father's joy,—a mother's pride;
Oh, who that watched her infant mind expand
To reasoning thought, beneath the almighty hand,
And day by day beheld new beauties bloom
Could deem she blossomed only for the tomb:—
Could deem nor wit, nor worth, nor youth could save,
Our loved Eliza from an early grave.

Forgive,—Oh God, forgive a mother's tear,
Who dared to murmur at thy judgments here,
A tear like hers the pure Redeemer shed
When holy Martha spake of Lazarus dead;
In the cold tomb the lov'd disciple slept,
The God restor'd him—but the Master wept.

HORACE: Ode XV. Lib. I.

"Pastor quum traheret."

When the perfidious Trojan boy
Spread his light sails, and bore to Troy
The perjur'd Queen,—the azure main
Stept tranquil, the prophetic strain
Old Nereus waked, th'unwiling winds were still,
While thus the prophet sang the course of future ill:

"With Gods averse, thou bear'st away
The cause of many a bloody day,
Whom banded Greece shall seek in arms
And curse her fate provoking charms;—
Till Troy shall see her God erected wall
And Priam's ancient house, and Priam's kingdom fall."

"War comes with all his horrid train;
The foaming steed shall snort with pain;
Proud man shall bleed,—the tortur'd horse
Shall spurn the already lifeless corse.—
Lo! Pallas, even now, prepares her dreaded spear,
And shakes her Gorgon shield—while nations quake with fear."

"Trusting to Venus' aid in vain—
Thy lyre shall wake th'ignoble strain;
In vain with soft unwarlike care,
Thy hand shall comb thy golden hair;—
In vain within the shameless harlot's bed
Thou hid'st from Cretan darts thy false dishonor'd head."

"In vain thou shun'st the Grecian sword
And the fierce ire of Sparta's Lord:—
In vain thou fliest with frantic fear
Swift Ajax' hot pursuing spear:
By Grecian steel shall coward Paris die
And soiled in dust obscene his golden tresses lie."

"Seest thou not stern Ulysses here,
The scourge of all thy race, and near
The Pylian sage, while from afar
Sthelenus, Teucer, wake the war;
Both skill'd alike in glory's chase to lead,
To crush the shrinking foe, or rule the fiery steed."

"See Merion to the fight advance
And shake aloft his ready lance,
And haughty Diomed, whom thou,
Forgetful of thy boasting vow,
With panting breast and pallid cheek shalt fly
As flies the trembling stag when the grim wolf is nigh."

"Brief is the time the Gods decree
To tottering Ilion and to thee:—
Pelides' anger may delay
Awhile the inevitable day:—
Yet Troy shall fall at last, and her proud dames
Shall see her haughty towers consumed by Grecian flames."

ODE XXX, Lb. I.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Gugy my boy, I hate the big
Puff'd swelling of an English wig:—
Let it sit, (a better place)
Over some unmeaning face.
Let the tailor's careless hand
Make me a simple gown and band,
These, my boy, sit well on thee,
May they sit as well on me,
Who, beneath thy care discerning,
Drink the stream of legal learning.

MARTIAL VII., 89.

I, felix rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostri cinge comas Apollinaris,
Quas tu nectere candidas,—sed olim,—
Sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

Imitated.

Go, happy roses, form a wreath around
Apollinaris' hyacinthine hair;
And mind, so love you Venus, it be bound
By you,—long hence,—when snow has fallen there.

EPITAPH.

Scratching, purring, mewing, crying,
Round in giddy circles flying,—
Seeking ever varying plays;
Thus I passed my kitten days.

These I left:—in cathood's prime,
When soberer joys employed my time,
Fierce rats have trembled at my sight,
And mice their bacon saved by flight.

And lovers tried their amorous wiles:—
I was "a toast upon the tiles,"
And tabby beaux in whisker'd pride
Scamper'd o'er house-tops by my side.

A numerous family I rais'd,
For cat-like virtues all were praised;
And slaughter'd mice, and frighted rats
Have proved my kittens' kittens cats.

A mistress too I left behind,
A gentle being, fair and kind,
A little gay light hearted belle,
Who loved her friends and pussy well.

All these I left:—ah! what avail
The gooseberry eye, the graceful tail,
The rosy nose, the shining vest,
The spotted back, the spotless breast?

For he who laughs at charms like these,
And catches cats, as cats catch fleas,
Grim death, my joys with envy saw
And fixed on me his murd'ring paw.

Go reader— learn from pussy's fate
That beauty's but of transient date:
That rosy cheek, or rosy nose,
That splendid fur, or gaudy clothes,
That slender waist, or graceful tail,
'Gain'st the sharp claws of death will nought avail:
And learn from her,—of mortal charms the best,
In cat or woman is the *spotless breast.*

EPITAPH.

Here Phillis lies—weep reader if you will
For all who knew her worth lament her still:
No angel, tho' by nature's self inspired
To more than human virtues she aspired.
She never once, when fortune's tide grew slack,
On those she once had courted turned her back;—
Faithful thro' life she ne'er betray'd her friends
Nor flatter'd foes to gain her private ends;
And never once,—(ask those who knew her well)
In whisper'd hints aspers'd a sister belle.

Tho' in Hyde-park admired by many a beau,
She went for exercise and not for show.
With graceful ease she bore her beauties rare,
It seemed in truth she knew not she was fair.
And when old time, that foe to mortal charms,
Attack'd her beauties with resistless arms,
Without a sigh she saw her graces fade
Nor curs'd the ravages that time had made.

If thine the boast,—"O'er stiff-neck'd beaux I reign."
From Phillis learn,—all mortal charms are vain;—
In pride of beauty if thine heart beats high—
From Phillis learn, e'en beauty's self must die.

SONG.

Air—"Donne l'Amore."

Oh Lady, love is light,
As summer's breath when lightest:
And fleeting as the bright
But fading ray of eve:—
If thou receive him,
Life's early hope thou blightest,
If thou believe him
He will, he will deceive!
With faithless tears and fickle smiles
He still the trusting heart beguiles,
Oh never then believe him.

Yet lady, love is sweet,
Tho' light as summer's breathing,
Like evening's ray will fleet
But is as heavenly too:—
Wil't thou reject him
Flowers and thorns enwreathing?—
Wil't thou neglect him
While yet the dream is new?
'Tis better sure to smile and weep,
Than sleep the long unchanging sleep
Of hearts that love ne'er waken'd.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Of the Carrier of the Star and Commercial Advertiser •

Quebec, January 1, 1830.

Twice has this earth since we our course begun,
Wheeled on her silent axle round the sun;
Twice has the sun, upon the polar snows,
Arisen and sunk since first our "STAR" arose;
"The beacon of the patriot's course" 't has been,
Not like that star in Cassiopeia seen
A SUN, and then a CINDER—No; it came
And lit the horison with a steady flame;
With equal motion, unabating force,
Climbs and will climb along its destined course,
Until it reach its zenith.—Shall it fall
Thence like an exhalation—losing all
The glorious light it should for aye reserve,
And leave the world to night—and *La Minerve?*
We cannot tell—the times, alas! are gone,
When poesy and prophecy were one.
But while old Earth along her orbit ran,
And traced the great ellipsis, what has man
Been doing?—Th' autocrat of Russia's nation
Holds the professorship of *Moderation*,
And gives good proof he ought, by merely lunching
On certain Persian Provinces, and munching
A *moderate* share of *Turkey* by the way
Of dinner. There was once a wolf, they say,
Who somehow got a crane's neck in his jaws,

• A College Journal edited by A. S., now Judge S. C., Quebec, and his late brother H. S., and now, 1887, C. J.

And did *not* bite it off—no doubt the cause
Was the wolf's *moderation*, as he said,
And the crane humbly acquiesced. We read
Rome's founder sucked a wolf, and that may be
The reason why in history's list we see
No nation half so *moderate*, save the Roman,
As are the Russians now,—a fact which no man
Will contradict.—The sword has done its work,
And man has suffered much. The Russ and Turk
Have bled, tho' not alike. War's horrid blast
Has swept across the East, and when it passed,
Destruction marked its course. But then, 'tis true,
Much good has followed—"*Tout est pour le mieux*:"
The blood of nations hath not flowed in vain:
The once bright Crescent now is in the wane;
Now where his fertile shores the Danube laves,
Christians no more shall be the Moslem's slaves.
And, more than all, no longer Greece shall be
The opprobrium of the world; for GREECE IS FREE.—
More good *shall* follow—to its native East
The tree of knowledge hath returned,—its feast
Of goodly kind is spread: By British hands
'Twas planted,—girt by British swords it stands.
Not to forbid approach' but to ensure
The blessings that for ages shall endure:
O'er the dark East the mental day shall spread,
Till Burmah's golden-footed chief shall read
A Burmese "STAR" by gas-light. Usurpation.
Shall but assist thy march, civilization!

Here in the west "Our President" has been
Saying soft things to Europe's "Ocean Queen."
Perhaps some million acres, more or less,
Are worth *that* trouble. Jonathan *may* guess

West India Trade is good, and calculate
That both together will return the state
By way of profit more than cent per cent,
For words employed in well turned compliment.
But give the Devil his due,—" Old Hickory's blood "
Is English—and when he in battle stood
Against us in the field, he only did
His duty to his country: God forbid
We were worse friends for that,—and now his hand
Is stretched in friendship to the gallant land
Whence he and his descended, let us take
The hand he offers with a hearty shake.—

Our " Houses " too will meet, and our respected
Collective Wisdom be again collected;—
Accounts will be examined—rulers taught
Economy—and lectured as they ought
On saving public money, by the light
Of spermaceti candles, night by night.

Twice seven wise men from old St. Stephen's Hall
Where chosen, met, looked wise, and swallowed all
The piteous tale about the dreadful state
Of Canada, and her unfortunate
" Condition : " and the men whose nation owes
Only eight hundred millions, felt the woes
Of Canada, that neither pays nor buys,
Placemen or patriots, ministers or spies,
Army or navy—So they wrote a book
Which their wise brethren here for Gospel took,
And practising the economy they'd hinted,
Ordered six hundred copies to be printed.—

Strange things like these beyond all doubts betoken
Some near and great event. We have not spoken

Our thought before; but we can understand
By signs that the millennium is at hand,
Or just begun. If so, our "House" shall reign
A thousand years, and meet and meet again.
Our Speaker freed from patriotic fears
Enjoy his thousand pounds a thousand years;
A thousand times shall A–B,—right or wrong,
Present his bills a thousand clauses long.
A thousand times our gracious House shall give
The thousand pounds we printers shall receive,—
A thousand judges yet shall feel the lash,
Some thousand witnesses shall touch the cash.
A thousand times shall we repeat our rhymes,
And which "All health to all" a thousand times.

L'AMORE DOMINATORE. *

"That very strain that mourns a broken vow,
"Is sadly sweet because it breathes of love."

I saw an ancient castle stand
In varied light and shade,
And softly on its battlements
The glancing sunbeams play'd.

From many a pictured window there
Return'd the softened rays:—
The very air the spirit caught
And breathed of other days.

* Written in humble deprecation of L. E. L.'s attack upon the credit of the rosy god.

And closely there the ivy twined
Around each warlike tower,
And blooming o'er each pointed arch
Was seen the sweet wall-flower;

Emblem of ancient days, when love
Was half the soldier's duty,—
And on the steel-clad warrior's helm
Was seen the scarf of beauty.

I saw that castle's future heir,
A noble generous youth,
On his clear brow was honor stamped,
On every feature truth.

And yet there was a listlessness
A languor in his air;
His spirit flashed not from his eye
And genius slumber'd there.

Time passed:—I saw that youth again
That listlessness was gone:—
His eye had caught a keener glance
His voice a clearer tone:—

I marked the poet's glance of fire
As he raised the glowing song;
I heard an echo sweet and low
The gentle notes prolong.

And soft as on the breath of spring
The tender strain arose,—
One word, one oft-repeated word,
Was heard in every close,

In sweeter notes—in clearer tones
It thrill'd along the grove—
It echo'd back at every pause:
I listened,—it was,—"Love."

His conntry calls—her bravest sons
Rush to the battle-field,
And British arms in Britain's cause—
The sons of freedom wield,

That youth was first:—on crimson'd plains
Or on the slippery deck:
He dauntless braved the raging storm
The battle fire, the wreck.

War ceased—they bound his brows with oak:—
The youthful warrior came,
And grateful thousands lined the way
And shouted forth his name.

'Mid thousand faces one alone
That youthful warrior sought;
'Mid thousand eyes one eye alone
His answering glance has caught.

The approving look, the timid smile,
Of yonder blushing maid,
Are more to him than all his fame,
His toils are overpaid.

For her he fought, for her he bled,
Her name his song inspired,
Her gentle love the sole reward
His beating heart desired,

Again—I saw a wedded pair;
Around their quiet hearth
A group of smiling infants played
In childhood's reckless mirth.

Fondly around a brother's neck
A sister's arm was thrown,
Affection smil'd in every look
Love spoke in every tone.

I mark'd the matron's eye of pride
I saw the father's smile,—
Envied I then the hearts of those
Who dare love's name revile?

Time held his course—again I look'd
And saw an ancient pair:
Each form had lost the grace of youth
Time silver'd o'er their hair.

One gentle feeling still unchanged
Each look—each action prove,
It breathes, it speaks in every word
'Tis chasten'd but 'tis Love.

I turn'd to tales of other days,
I read the rolls of fame,
They spoke of many a god-like deed
And many a deathless name.

Yet still I found the noblest hearts
One softer power could move,
The bravest knelt before his shrine.
The proudest bowed to love.

Rome's haughtiest son on Rome herself *
The storm of vengeance hurl'd,—
All had been lost,—love spake and saved.
The mistress of the world.

He first in every youthful heart
Did generous thoughts inspire,
He nerved the warrior's arm in fight,
He fann'd the patriot's fire.

And more than all—th' immortal verse
Was taught by him alone;
He glowed within the poet's breast
And song was all his own.

To thee, oh love—in youth or age
Life's purest joys we owe;
From thee the sacred ties of home
From thee its blessings flow.

Hail then to thee, and at thy shrine
Let every mortal bend,
As husband, father, brother, son,
As lover or as friend.

"They cannot paint thee,"—for the forms
Which youthful poets see
When rapt in visions of the Muse,
Alone can picture thee.—‡

* Coriolanus.

‡ L. E. L's poem ends with

"They cannot paint thee, let them dream
A dark and nameless thing,
Why give the likeness of the dove
Where is the serpent's sting."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS. *

Have you heard after all the *pro* and the *con*—
Of counsellor Supple and counseller Pliant,
When the judge had summed up and the charge was done,
A verdict returned for your own good client?

Have you stood by the clerk to see it recorded
That nothing might happen your hopes to dash—
Have you heard, as you saw it was properly worded,
In fancy the chink of your client's cash?

Have you lost your way in a pathless wood
When the sun was set and the sky growing dark,
And puzzled and tired as in doubt you stood
Have you leapt to hear the watch dog's bark?

Have you stood by the bow of a noble ship
When the place of her building grew suddenly bare;
Have you seen her keel in the waters dip,
Have you heard the cheer that greeted her there?

After Canada's winter have you seen
The St. Lawrence set free by the generous sun:—
While the birds returned and the hills grew green,
Have you heard the first seen vessel's gun?

Have you ever heard, when far away
(As you thought) from all that could breathe of home,
Some song that you learned in a happier day
Like a voice from the dead in a strange land come?

* Written for some ladies and suggested by certain lines they sent with their notions of "Beautiful things."

Have you ever heard Paganini play,
Or Braham sing his "Robin Adair,"
Or Miss Stephens chaunt "Auld Robin Gray,"
Have you heard Rossini's "Di piacer."?

Have you sat by a maid you would fain should be
You own in woe and your own in bliss;
Have you said to that maiden "lov'st thou me"
And half-felt, half-heard, that she murmured "Yes:"

When the soul that hath gone astray is forgiven,
The song the rejoicing Seraphim sing
May be the sweeter, *perhaps*, but on this side heaven
You shall hear no sweeter, no holier thing.

SONNET.

A Lady to her god-daughter.

They tell me you're my god-daughter, dear baby,
And therefore, tho' at verse I'm not a dab, I
Feel that the honor is so great--that on it
I cann't do less than pen a little sonnet.—
And now I am your god-mother, and therefore
If *you* are sinful, *I* must answer;—wherefore
Be a good girl and woman, big or little,
Not breaking toys or hearts tho' both are brittle;
And be not pettish tho' you be a pet,
And if you're pretty be not a coquette:—
And keep your dresses clean and save your pins,
And say your prayers at night;—or for *your* sins
While *you* are coaxed and flattered, praised and toasted
Perhaps your poor aunt Aggie may be roasted.

SONG. *

Air—"DIDO AND I."

There's the Rose in our wine,—
And the Shamrock shall be
The mystical sign
Of the proud one in three,
Our good constitution,
Lords, Commons and King,
Which no Resolution
To ruin shall bring:—
And the Thistle, the hardy old Thistle, God bless it,
The Thistle that "*nemo impunè lacessit*,"
Is the type of the bearing we show to our foes
Who dare to provoke Thistle, Shamrock or Rose.

Nor shall Cambria's sons
The occasion let slip,
There's a Leek in their hats,—
There's no leak in our ship;
And the old constitution
For ever shall be
The bark of the loyal
The brave and the free:—
And the boys from the Shannon, the Tweed and the Wye,
With the sons of the Thames, all her foes shall defy;
Each alike the bold treason of Joey‡ condemns,
Let him come from Tweed, Shannon, or Wye or old Thames.

* Written at the request of H. Black, Esq., and sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at the dinner given to A. Stuart after he lost his election in 1834.

‡ Hume of "baneful domination" memory.

And what shall *we* do
Who alone upon earth
Have no national name
In the land of our birth;
Called "Canadians" in Britain
And "Foreigners" here,
We've a country we love.
And we've rights that are dear.
The descendants of Britons, and Britons in heart,
In this true British struggle we'll all do our part,
From our brethren of Europe we never will sever:—
"Here's the King, Constitution, and Stuart for ever."

SONG. *

Air—"The Hunting of Hare."

Oh what science can compare
To the one that through our hair,
Can by feeling, can by feeling,
Tell the feelings that *must* guide us:
To Phrenology I've turned,
And I sing of what I've learned
From Parnell,—Dr. Parnell,—
Who's a monstrous clever fellow,
Clever fellow.

* Written at like request and sung by the same gentleman as the last, on St. Patrick's day, 1835, for the Toast "The Rose, the Thistle and our own Shamrock."—Dr. Parnell having examined and *turned* all the heads in Quebec just before and being present at the said dinner.

In the head of Johnny Bull
Alimentiveness is full,
So his failing, so his failing,
Is to get a little mellow;
But when friends are smiling round,
And wit, wine and song abound,
He that could not, or that would not,
Is a mighty churlish fellow,
Churlish fellow.

Under Sandy's sandy wig
There's *Acquisitiveness* big,
So he's toiling, so he's moiling,
To put plack and plack thegither;
Yet he'd spend his last bawbee
But he'd make the couple three,
And, with John and Pat, his whistle wet,
A gay and canny fellow,
Canny fellow.

In Paddy's scull we guess
There is large *Combativeness*,
And another bump, a tender lump,
That makes him love the lasses;
But Paddy he can do
Something else than fight and coo,
O'er his whisky,—he gets frisky,
And a roaring jolly-fellow,
Jolly fellow.

But the best of all their lumps,
And the very *King of Bumps*,
Is *Adhesiveness*, *Adhesiveness*,
That binds them all together.

Pat and Sandy hard and fast
Stick to Johnny to the last,
And who beats them,—or who cheats them,
Is a dev'lish clever fellow,
Clever fellow.

Toast—"Dr. Parnell and Phrenology in a bumper."

SONG. *

Air—"There is nae luck about the house."

St. George he was an errant knight
And rode about the world,
And when he saw a dragon, straight
At him his spear he hurl'd.—
These dragons were the grievances
That the earth infect;
So good St. George's march was like
Our march of Intellect.

St. George became old England's Saint,
And thus she did inherit
His cordial hate of all misrule,
His anti-dragon spirit:—
When *Lackland* did a tyrant turn,
In thought and word and deed,
St. George inspired the Barons bold
Who camped at Runnymede.

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. George's dinner, 23 April, 1835.

And ever against tyranny
  Hath gallant England stood,
And strained for freedom every nerve,
  And bought it with her blood.
She will not bear that King or Mob
  Should rule without control,
And spurns the tyrant aggregate
  As well as tyrant sole.

Earth's dragons are,—antique abuse
  Received upon tradition,
Despotic sway, and slavish fear,
  And vice and superstition:—
In Kingdoms (and Republics too)
  Corruption or excess,
And mob-made law;—and earth's St. George
  Is England's public press.

And *therefore* is she first of all
  That are or that have been
Among the nations of the earth,
  And therefore Ocean's Queen;—
And therefore on her flag the sun
  Doth hourly rise,—and will,
Because the spirit of St. George
  Is England's spirit still.

We've Dragons here who sit at once
  In place three and four;—
We've one with four and thirty heads,
  And one with many more:—
Another's ignorance that doth
  Imagined evils forge;—

Another's—Mr. Joseph Hume,
And Peel is our St. George.

TOAST.

St. George and Merry England—may
The hearts of all adore them;
And may the dragons of the earth
For ever fall before them.

SONG. *

Air—"THE STORM."

Cease your loud and blust'ring railings,
Politicians one and all;
Search not for each others' failings,
Seek not places great or small:—
Whether democrat or tory,
Juste milieu, left or right,
Listen to St. Andrew's story;—
He's our autocrat to-night.

When he came for the conversion
Of our fathers wild and free,
He, good saint, had no aversion,
To the taste o' barley bree;
Well he knew,—like all our Masters,—
Christian, Roman, Greek or Jew,
Nothing softens life's disasters
Like good wine or mountain dew.

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., on St. Andrew's night, 1837.

Well he knew unaided reason
  Cannot fancy perfect bliss,—
Love itself has thorns, and treason,
  Once at least, profaned a kiss:—
Preaching's nought without example,
  Only what we feel we know;
Men must drink, or taste no sample
  Of unmingled joy below.

Thus our fathers, waxing daily
  Better in their deeds and words,
Spent the day in good, and gaily
  Passed the night round festal boards.
Never trod a Scotsman faintly
  In the path his sires found right;—
Kindly, freely, gaily, *saintly*,
Let *us* pass St. Andrew's night.

SONG. *

Air—"Scots wha hae."

Men of Scotia's blood or land,
No longer let us silent stand—
Our "origin" while traitors brand,
  As "foreign" here.

We scorn to wear a coward mask,
And when the boasting Gaul shall ask
Our claim, 'twill be a welcome task
  To bid him hear—

* Sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. Andrew's dinner, 1837.

Upon the crest of Abram's heights,
Victorious in a thousand fights,
The Scottish broad-sword won our rights
Wi' fatal sweep;

By gallant hearts those rights were gain'd—
By gallant hearts shall be maintain'd;
E'en tho' our dearest blood be drain'd
Those rights to keep.

Then when the Gaul shall ask again,
Who called us here across the main?
Each Scot shall answer bold and plain,
"Wolfe sent for me."

Be men like those the hero brought,
With whose best blood the land was bought;
And fighting as your fathers fought,
Keep it or die!

THE BOMBARDIER'S SONG.

Air—"Barney Brallaghan."

'Twas on a busy day,
Which we shall long remember,
When Bombardier Blazeaway,
Some time in last November,
When Radical boasts were loud
And Yankees talked of invading.

---

* Written for W. B. Lindsay, Esq, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, and Major of Volunteer Artillery; and sung by his Lieutenant, H. A. Wicksteed.

Recruited among the crowd,
And this was his mode of pursuading:
"Only say
"You'll be an artillery-man;
"Don't say nay;
"Now's the time,—if you will you can.

"With a Clerk of Assembly's whim
"If the service should happen to chime, boys,
"We'll refer some *ord'nance* to him,
"To *report* from time to time, boys.
"If an Auctioneer comes, that we'll rid
"The country of rebels sure them am I,
"For he'll only wait for a *bid*
"To *knock down* the forts of an enemy.
"Only say, &c.

"Come Lawyers, you're not raw,
"(Tho' drilling your knowledge enlarges,)
"For you know the *canon law*
"And are famous at *heavy charges:*
"You can't be much at fault,
"For this I can say without flattery,
"You can profit by an *assault*,
"And make the most of *battery.*
"Only say, &c.

"Come, ye Merchants, come,
"Leave you goods on the shelf now,
"*Honor* the *notes* of the drum,
"Think no more of your pelf now:
"At a glut of *our* goods we scoff,
"Even rebels and Yankees have sent for 'em;

" Tho' they're *heavy*, they all *go off*,
" For we always find a *vent* for 'em.
" Only say, &c.

" Come all ye Medical Tribe,
" Like physic our science in fact is,
" For we doses of *powder* prescribe,
" And have plenty of *mortar* practice.
" Come, Printers, your knowledge will grace
" The tools we are always dandling,
" For you constantly stand around the *chase*,
" And the *primer* are frequently handling.
" Only say, &c.

" The man that deals in fruit
" Can *prune* the wings of the foe, sir,
" And a capital good recruit
" Is the *canister*-handling Grocer;
" And if Papineau makes a fuss,
" We never need fear the event, he
" Will find it's all *nuts* to us,
" And we've *shells* and *colonels* in plenty.
" Only say, &c.

" All you that are fond of the *grape*,
" Or of fiddling and dancing, we call, boys,
" For we are the lads for a *scrape*,
" And give spirit and life to a *ball*, boys.
" Even a Tailor's skill
" To part of our business reaches—
" He can work at his *loop-holes* still,
" And practice the making of *breaches*.
" Only say, &c.

"As we stand to our guns in *bands*,
"A parson may help to man one;
"And they say every Bishop commands
"Many a *minor canon*."
But I finish the Bombardier's song,
Lest it suit our corps to the letter,
For our pieces are *heavy* and *long*,
And the bigger the *bore* the better.
"Only say, &c."

SONG. *

Air—"'Twas in the merry month of May."

When Discord had the apple thrown
And Paris's award was known,
Heaven's Club upon Olympus met,
And stormy was the loud debate;
And arguments were fierce and long
That Paris had been right, or wrong:—
But while with speeches Heav'n was ringing
Old Bacchus slyly took to singing,—
"Come let the magic goblet pass,
"'Tis better than dull reason's glass,
"And blends in one extatic hour
"The joys of wisdom, love and power.

---

* Sung at the Quebec Debating Club by H. A. W.

Note—Discordia threw a golden apple to Minerva, Juno and Venus, with the inscription "for the fairest." Paris was made arbitrator.—Juno wanted to bribe him with a kingdom and great power,—Minerva with wisdom,—but Venus promised him the most beautiful woman on earth, and he gave her the apple—hence arose great jealousies on Olympus among the immortals who took part with one or another.—Old Mythology.

Apollo took the hint, and moved
A banquet,—and the Gods approved:
The feast was spread by Jove's command,
And Phœbus sang and let the band:
The songs were good—the nectar rare,
Old Thunderbolt was in the chair;
And Jove when once with nectar mellow
Becomes a very jovial fellow.—
Then let the magic, &c.

Debating clubs then rose on earth,
And Phœbus smiled upon their birth,
They made men wise;—but then he knew
That wisdom spoils life's rosy hue,
And therefore did the God ordain
That hue should be restored again,
By mirth and song, by feasting, drinking,
When members' thoughts grew dull with thinking.
Then let the magic, &c.

Old Paris' choice we all approve,
And power and wisdom yield to love:
But surely they must wiser be
Who in their choice can blend the three:
With wine—to kingly joys we rise,—
With wine—the silliest soul grows wise,—
And while the wine cup smiles between us
Each girl we pledge is fair as Venus.
Then let the magic, &c.

SONG.

For Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday. *

Air—"BARBARA ALLEN."

When Archimedes, reverend sage,
By trump of fame renowned, sir,
Deep problems solved in every page,
The sphere's curved surface found, sir;
He e'en himself had still outshone
And higher borne the sway, sir,
Had he but once our secret known,
And drunk his bottle a day, sir,

When Ptolemy so long ago
Believed the world stood still, sir,
He never could have fancied so,
Had he but drunk his fill, sir;
He'd then have seen it circulate,
And learnt without delay, sir,
That he who'd be both wise and great
Must drink his bottle a day, sir.

Copernicus, that learned wight,
The glory of his nation,

* This song, I am sorry to say, is not mine. It was written by my uncle the late Mr Justice Fletcher, of Sherbrooke, a brother of Sir Richard Fletcher, R. E., who was killed at St. Sebastian. The Mathematical Society of London had been prosecuted by a common informer for having had some notices printed inadvertently without the printer's name. Mr Fletcher, a member of the Society, had successfully defended them, and the Society had voted him a silver cup which was presented to him at their annual meeting on Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday, 1802, when he sang this song which he had written for the occasion. I have the Cup—and cannot forbear taking this occasion of telling its history and giving the song and a little Epigram by the same hand.

With draughts of wine refreshed his sight
And saw the earth's rotation ;
Each planet then its orb described,
The moon got under weigh, sir,
The truth he thus at once imbibed,
For he drank his bottle a day, sir.

Ye Philomaths, what then avails
It how the world map state us,—
Experiments can never fail
With this our apparatus.
Let him who'd have his merits known
Remember what I say, sir,
Fair science yeilds to him alone
Who drinks his bottle a day, sir.

—

EPIGRAM.

By the same on seeing a crop of oats on the Plains of Abram.

Some men seek glory, others sigh for groats ;
Here Wolfe reaped laurels—and Dalhousie oats.

EXTRA EXTRAORDINARY. *

We have just received the following communication, announcing a danger with which Her Majesty's Government is threatened from a new and unexpected quarter. We lose no time in laying it before our readers:—

For the Quebec Morning Herald.

Mr. Editor,—I am commanded to inform you, that the sentiments expressed in the following song have been unanimously concurred in by a brilliant assembly of no less than 92 ladies. If the grievance complained of be not speedily redressed, let the parties implicated look to it.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,
Miss Quadrille. *

Quebec, 18th Dec., 1837.

SONG.

Air—"Oh dear, what can the matter be!"

Oh dear what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what *can* the matter be?
Oh dear what can the matter be?
Nobody gives us a ball!

Vainly my ringlets I braiding and curling am,
Vainly in dreams, too, I twisting and twirling am,
Oh, my Lord Gosford, great Baron of Worlingham,
Why don't you gives us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

---

* I did not invent this signature,—some young lady correspondent had used it; and I took a great fancy to it as charmingly odd.

He promised, when first he came, he'd give us plenty—
We thought in each season we'd get at least twenty;
But if to perform that fair promise he meant, he
Would surely now give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Then our beaux are all priming and loading and drilling;
With brave loyal ardour each bosom is thrilling.
If the brave love the fair,—why the fair love quadrilling,—
Then why don't they give us a ball?
Oh dear, &c.

Let them ne'er think that balls check men's ardour for fighting,
Or that *pumps* throw cold water on what they delight in;
For the man who all points of war's science was right in,
To Waterloo went from a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

If our Governor, lovers, or brothers or spouses,
Will not open their castles, their hearts and their houses,
And their tyranny once our resistance arouses,
We know who will give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.,

We'll resolve that the grievance surpasses all reason;
We'll declare such brutality justifies treason;
We'll compound with the rebels for one merry season:—
And Papineau 'll give us a ball.
Oh dear, &c.

Every lady who can sing will please to chaunt the above on all fitting occasions, until our grievance is redressed; or "we seek elsewhere a remedy for our afflictions."

By order of the Committee.

THE FANCY BALL AT RIDEAU HALL.

The following is out of place as to date; but its subject is so cognate to the last article that I insert it here.

Dear Times,—Your paper is a sort of omnibus, and a very nice one; can you find room in it for a young lady, without crowding out some of those charming articles in which *we* so much delight, about bishops, and priests of St. Albans, and aprons, and candlesticks, and Alderman Waller, and Mr. Martin. Try like a good soul. Our dear Governor's ball has been talked about and written about a good deal and not badly, though I have heard there is high authority for saying that the right account of it has yet to be written. But nobody has adverted to its constitutional virtues and the impetus it has given to loyalty. In the dark days of 1837, when rebellion was rife, Lord Gosford, a good kind soul as ever lived, seems to have forgotten this point of policy—and the extract I send you from papers of the time, will show you the peril to which the State was exposed in consequence. Miss Quadrille was my grand-mamma, a worthy girl as ever lived, and no more inclined to look to Washington than one of Her Majesty's Ministers,—as loyal and as British as the fair lady who enacted Britannia at Rideau Hall. Think of the pent-up suffering she must have endured before she was forced in her agony to cry out as she did. Lord Gosford gave the ball and saved the country. Lord Dufferin, more far-seeing, gave *his* ball without waiting even for a hint, he knew the "well-understood wishes" of the ladies, and met them, and he has not only been good himself but has made others good by his example, and those ducks of Ministers and *their* charming ball followed his lead of course. I am in possession of the archives of the Quadrille famlly,—and, if your readers desire to see it, I can show them Lord Gosford's answer, which my dear grandmamma used

to say he sang most feelingly to the air of "The Sprig of Shilelah," like a jolly son of Erin, as he was.* I have an account of the *fancy ball*, too, of the time, reported by a very junior member of your profession, since perhaps an editor—or dead. † Before closing, I must tell you, that at a jolly meeting of a number of young men and maidens, who had been at the ball, I ventured modestly to imitate my tuneful ancestress and sang:

SOLO:

Round me while singing, exultingly stand, ye boys
And ye girls, smiling all;—and ye girls and ye boys
Join in one cheer for the chief of the Clandeboys,
Giver of beautiful balls!

CHORUS:

No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now,
No, no, nothing's the matter now—
Dufferin gave us the ball!

And I assure you the chorus could not have been given more heartily if Mr. Dixon had written it for us and Mr. Mills had drilled us.

Affectionately yours,

MISS QUADRILLE, JR

Ottawa, March 3, 1876.

* Lord G.'s answer will be found at the foot of the next article. Lord Dufferin's Fancy Ball was simply Magnificent.

† See next article.

THE DEVIL'S EXTRA.

Of the Quebec Morning Herald, for New-Year's Day, 1838.

We were in despair—It was New Year's Eve—we had passed the earlier portion of the night at snap-dragon and other pastimes in which innocent fiends like ourselves delight:—but the hour of retribution was come upon us, and fearful was our agony.—It was late and we had not a word of our address written, nor could we compose a line. Bloodshed and Rebellion were most unseasonable subjects, and, Devils as we are, we could not resolve to talk of them to our Patrons on New Year's day.—We leave it to our professional antagonists to preach the duty of being dismal.—We roamed desolate and miserable thro' the deserted printing room. Every thing looked gloomy to us, the disordered types were but types of our own thoughts, a confused dark mass without form.—Yet our master could make them speak oracles on all subjects; they wanted nothing but arranging. It was even so with our thoughts: with the help of a dictionary we can think every word in the language, and the faculty of arrangement is all we want to enable us to surpass every human production, but the *Herald—that* alone we esteem perfect—We have genius enough, we lack nothing but the Bump of Order.—We cast our eyes listlessly on the Editor's desk,—there was a note upon it. Our eyes rested upon the superscription and our listlessness vanished instantly. That superscription was, in the most delicate of female hands—"To the Devil."

We remembered that for one day we were an Editor. We opened the gilt-edged envelope—we breathed the perfume of the enclosed Billet—we read it on our knees. It was from the adorable Miss Quadrille. After hinting at the sacrifices which her sex, from Eve downwards, had made to please us—she

expressed a hope that we had equal complaisance for them. She told us that she had sent Mr. Mercury an energetic remonstrance against the dull rudeness of N. O. QUADRILLE, but that the God of Thieves had sheltered the imposter. She threw herself on our gallantry and solicited our aid—tho' she knew the Mr. Mercury [who is a great wit] would say that, like a true woman, she had come to the Devil to gain her point.

Here was a subject for us; and we thought in our simplicity that because we were an Editor, wit and wisdom would come of course:—we sat down in the Editorial chair, but they came not. We felt duller than ever—We even caught ourselves nodding: we thought till then that Editors never nodded. We grew sleepy— we slept!

We were in the Reporters' box in the Hall of Assembly, which was illuminated with unusual brilliancy. The triple windows, typical of the threefold medium through which the light of collective wisdom reaches the "great body of the people,"—were curtained by the flag which rules the ocean. The clock showed that midnight had passed—it was New Year's day.—Our kind-hearted Governor was in the Speaker's chair. On his right and left hands stood the Officers of our gallant Volunteer Corps. The floor of the Hall was occupied by the most brilliant assemblage of lovely women we had ever seen, and a little in advance of them stood one of surpassing elegance. The brave smiled on the fair, and the fair returned the smile:

> "Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again,
> "And all went merry as a marriage bell,"—

but they mingled not. We were puzzled to know why, 'till, recalling our senses, we remarked that a most delicious band was concluding the symphony of the "*Sprig of Shilelah*," and we knew that Miss Q. and the ladies had just presented

their address, and received His Excelleney's answer. * It was heard with one burst of unmingled delight: we remembered that "when maidens sue, men give like gods," and felt that by this act, at least as much as by his Proclamation, His Lordship has deserved the delicate compliment in the Address from L'Acadie, and "*S'est placé comme l'Intermédiaire entre la Divinité et les hommes.*" The picture of the fourth GEORGE seemed to smile approval on the representative of His Successor, and we almost expected to see him leave his frame and salute Miss Q. after his accustomed fashion. We listened breathlessly for the answers of the volunteers to Miss Q.'s suggestions—they came in rapid and delightful succession. All were, of course,

* LORD GOSFORD'S ANSWER.

Dear Ladies,, I find you've been taking a hint
From the last of the Loyal Addresses in print,
Where St. Roch's and St. Vallier's their feelings express;
If they get all they ask, they're of loyalty rare,
If they don't they'll be rebels—that is, when they dare :—
Tho' they speak not, dear Ladies, as frankly as you,
'Tis the feeling that runs thro' the famed ninety-two,
And is echoed about in each Loyal Address.

The first author of this is a Judge of the land, †
And Debartzch sits a Councillor on my right hand,
For a similar hint about Government faults;
But as curls would look queer in a three-cornered hat,
And a seat in the Council, just now, is not at
Any premiun, I hope to conciliate all
My fair threat'ners by "cheerfully" giving a Ball,
When Miss Q. and myself shall lead off the first waltz.

I acknowledge your grievance, you've cause to be vexed,
And, no longer by fears of rebellion perplex'd,
To its gradual removal I'll give my chief care.
Then don't join the rebels, dear Ladies, in haste,
For Sir John gives them Balls that are not to their taste :
Let the lovely be true to their lovely young Queen,
And I'll give you a Ball such as never was seen,
For I'm pleasing my Sovereign when pleasing the Fair.

† Bedard.

favorable, the music struck up, "*Oh Abraham Newland,*" and the Captain of one of the Lower Town bands sung—*

Fair ladies each note
At a premium we quote,
Which your sweet lips have ever let fall, dears;
We shall honor your draft,
And your health shall be quaffed
At the supper which follows our ball, dears.
Oh! wonderful beauty!
Charming, adorable beauty!
May our purses be low,
And our credit so so,
When we fail in devotion to beauty.

The commander of another gallant corps from the same place selected the lively air of "*I'd rather have a guinea than a one pound note,*" and chanted his answer thus:—

We should feel
A great deal,
If we made spruce ladies pine;
And our ball,
To you all,
Shall be extra-superfine;
For the man that for the ladies would not work with heart and hand,
We'd reject from out our Mess, and as "unmerchantable" brand.

* Singers.

A. M.—Banker.
H. L.—Lumber Merchant.
A. C.—Notary Public.
P. O'C.—Captain Irish Volunteers.
W. P.—Captain and Advocate.
J. C., N. P.—Son of an M. P.
W. McC.—Major of Vol. Artillery.
T. L.—The Inimitable.

There was no mistake who was to be next singer, when we heard the music of the "*The Campbells are coming*;" the words of the answer were:

Sure the ladies are jesting, oho, oho,
When they talk of protesting, oho, oho,
For they know we're too fond to depart from our bond,
And we've mortgaged our hearts to the fair, the fair.
But our deeds shall be mended, oho, oho,
Ere the protest's extended, oho, oho,
We'll give them a ball, shall acquit us of all
Suspicion of slighting the fair, the fair.

The leader of a gallant corps of Irishmen followed. Need we name "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*" as the air to which he sang,—

Though rebels around us are making wry faces,
The loyal, the brave, and the fair should be gay;
And the thought of begrudging them pleasure disgraces
The heart that conceives it on New Year's Day.
Then oh if a ball
Can please them at all,
And light one sunny smile in eyes blue, black or grey;
There's no son of our Isle,
Whom that one little smile
Would not more than repay for the risk we might run,
Of disloyalty frowning because we are gay:
And bad luck would be ours if the year were begun,
By neglecting the fair upon New Year's Day.

The next answer was *powerfully* given; it was from another Irish corps, and the melody chosen was "*Through Erin's Isle*:"

Beyond dispute,
You've gained your suit,

And of our hearts made seizure:
In your eyes one sees
Retaining fees,
And each command's a *plea*-sure.
The court have thought
That judgment ought
For you to be recorded;
We only pray
Ten days delay,
And that has been awarded.
We'll give a ball;—to make it gay we try shall;
The learn'd and fair
Will all be there;—
Of course Miss Q. and I shall.

The replies of the several corps were in the same spirit, but the applause with which the one answer was received frequently continued after the next was begun, and we lost the words of several. In some instances, too, the air was unknown to us. The Marine corps answered with "*The Bay of Biscay*," we observed that the singer expressed his great respect for old established *Customs* and held it to be a *duty imposed upon him* to comply with the wishes of the Ladies. A young gentleman, "in the garb of old Gaul," (with more confidence than we could have expected from one so young, till we heard that he had a hereditary talent for addressing public bodies with effect), sang to the air of "*A Highland lad my love was born*,"—

A statesman was my father born,
And all innovation holds in scorn;
And he says that the precedents are most express
In favor of acceding to this address.
Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman.

There'll not be a ball, go where you can,
Shall match with the ball of the Highlandman.

We then heard, though we cannot remember, a very pointed and polished answer, in a very sharp key, from the "Faugh a ballagh" boys. The measure appeared to be that of Canning's celebrated "*Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives,*"—the air was unknown to us. Perhaps the most exquisite musical treat was the answer of another corps, to an Italian air, which showed that the singer had indeed "swam in a Gondola." As in most Italian airs, it was impossible to catch the words, but the effect of the music was *inimitable.* At every succeeding answer, however, the gaiety and the uproar increased. Had it not been for the exertions of the Master of the Ceremonies in obtaining silence, we should have been unable to distinguish and record the answer of the three corps of Artillery. This was indeed the "crowning rose of the whole wreath," and was admirably given by a gentleman who seemed to be well accustomed to the Hall. Handel is said to have conceived the idea of introducing cannon into music; it was reserved for the Volunteer Artillery to carry the conception into effect. The guns were those of the Grand Battery, and the precision with which the accompaniment was given reflected the highest honor on the corps. The singer being accustomed to addresses, had furnished the ladies with an official copy of his answer which enabled them to reply to the same air of "*Oh dear, what can the matter be.*"

As sure as the powder the bullet despatches,
When the bright flame darts into the gun from our matches,
Our bold corps from your bright eyes new energy catches,
And quickly will let off a ball.

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } At a Ball Cupid snatches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Such occasions he watches aye,
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay weddings in batches may
Be the sweet fruits of our Ball.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Pleasure and hope in all bosoms are springing now,
Soft, lively music in all ears is ringing now,—
Ev'ry fair maiden is joyfully singing now,

"All the brave give us a ball."

Guns. { Bang! Bang! } Hark to the feu de joie!
{ Bang! Bang! } Gay thoughts our souls employ!
{ Bang! Bang! } High leap our hearts with joy!

All the brave give us a ball.

The music ceased; the ladies mingled with gentlemen, their graceful and elegant forms and attire contrasting beautifully with the martial garb and manly bearing of the soldier citizens. Brilliantly and dazzlingly "bright lamps shone on fair women and brave men," and yet more brilliantly was the light reflected from brighter eyes. The scene was one of enchantment. A tall gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, stood close by us; from the deep interest with which he watched every movement of Miss Quadrille, we conjectured that he was her relative. We were wright—he was one of "The Lancers." He told us he had been in the best company in every civilized country, and had seen nothing like the spectacle before him. He was evidently excited, and, in fancy, fighting all his battles o'er again, and we heard him murmuring "None but the brave deserve the fair." We could see but two sour faces; they were near us, and scowled like vampires. Their owners were Miss Mazourka and N. O. Quadrille. The former we regonised at once as a man in woman's clothes, under which we clearly saw his round-toed unpolished boots, and pepper-and-salt inexpressibles. The latter puzzled us for some time; *it* was too coarse for a woman, too puny for a man; its mode of sitting betrayed the secret—it was a tailor in petticoats.

The music commenced the waltz in that most sweetly diabolical of operas, Der Freischutz, possibly in compliment

to *Us*. Our excellent Governor, who never changes his avowed purpose, took the hand of Miss Quadrille; he led her into the centre of the hall; he kept his word; they danced the first waltz together. Faster and louder came the music on the ear, and quicker and quicker spun the illustrious couple: then the strain fell again; it became softer and slower, until, as they disappeared through the door-way, it melted gradually away "in a dying, dying fall." At that instant an unexpected salute was fired; the first report startled us, and—we awoke—it was the morning gun. The cold grey light was peeping through the ink-stained windows. We had slept soundly in the editorial chair; we were initiated into the mysteries of the craft; we had dreamed a dream, and we could make an article of it. We had not slept in vain—we had only to record our vision in an Extra: We had now something to say, and we have said it.

THE DEVILS TO THEIR READERS.

AIR—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

Though our betters the prayer of Miss Q. have rejected,
And send the fair pleader unheeded away,
It shall never be said *we* the ladies neglected,
Or slighted their cause upon New Year's Day.
Through all the year round
May all pleasure abound,
And the hearts of our patrons be merry and gay;
But there's one little hint
That we wish to imprint
On the minds of all those on whose bounty we count:
It is this—that as all have the "devil to pay,"
Their regard for the fair will be guessed by the amount
Of the presents they make us on New Year's Day.

A. C.

THE LADIES' ADDRESS TO THE "INCONSTANTS."

We saw the *Hastings* hasting off
And never made a fuss;
The *Malabars'* departure waked
No malady in us.

We were not piqued to lose the *Piques*;—
Each Lady's heart at ease is
Altho' the *Dees* are on the seas,
And gone the *Hercules-es.*

Our parting with the *Andromaches*
Like Hector's not at all is;
Nor are we Washingtons to seek
To capture a *Cornwallis.*

And no *Charybdis* ever caught
Our hearts in passion's whirls;—
There's not a girl among us all
Has ever fished for *Pearls.*

The *Vestals* with the sacred flame
Were not the sparks we wanted;
We've looked *Medeas* in the face
And yet were not enchanted.

But when our dear *Inconstants* go
Our grief shall know no bounds,
The dance shall have no joy for us,
The song no merry sounds.

NOTE—H. M. Ships named in these and the following verses were all in Quebec Harbor in the summer of 1838. Captain *Pring* commanded the *Inconstant*, and Commander *Hope* was his first Lieutenant.

All dismal then will be the Waltz,
The dull Quadrille as bad,
And wearily we'll hurry through
The joyless Gallopade.

We'll gaze upon each changeful cloud
As through the air it skims,
We'll think of fickle fortune's wheel
And fashion's turns and whims;—

Sweet emblems of *Inconstancy*
In each of these we'll find,
And our *Inconstants* constantly
We'll fondly bear in mind.—

And spite of Durham's fêtes and balls,
We'll pine and mourn and mope
Our long, long winter season through,
As girls without a *Hope.*

And when the spring shall come again,
Our hearts to pleasure dead
Shall sigh for spring without an S,
And wish for *Pring* instead.

Unless indeed sweet spring with *Hope*
Those hearts again should bless,
And bring our dear *Inconstants* back
And Spring without an S.—

Quebec, 6th July, 1838.

THE "INCONSTANTS'" ANSWER.

All language fails to tell how much
  We value your address,
Or say how deeply we partake
  The feelings you express.

We wonder not the men you name
  Your hearts have never moved,
And quite agree that only we
  Are worthy to be loved.

Those *Hastings* are a hasty set
  And left you in a hurry;
Those *Malabars* are malapert
  And hot as Indian curry.

The *Pearls* for whom you must not fish,
  Are pearls of *price* 'tis true,
For if you have no golden nets
  They won't be caught by you.

But we *Inconstants* to the shrine
  Of youth and beauty bring
The countless charms that even wait
  On each *inconstant* thing.

The moon,—the summer sky,—the breeze.—
  The ever-varying sea,—
The course of love,—the morning's dream,—
  The butterfly,—the bee,—

The sun himself that round the world,
  From land to land, doth range,—

The seasons in their pleasing round
Of never-ending change.

Are types of us:—but we have yet
More lovely ones, for *you*,
So young, so fair, so kind, so good—
Must be *Inconstants* too.

Forget us,—and lone bachelors
We all our lives will be,
Condemned to single blessedness
By your *Inconstancy*.

Be true,—and then the breath of May
Shall fill our sails, and bring
Our willing ship, our eager hearts,
And *Spring*—and *Pring*—and *Ring*.

And each of you for one of ours
Shall change her maiden name,
And as we're all *Inconstants*, you
Of course will be the same.

Kamouraska, August, 1838.

SONNET.

To my wife—with the British Poets.

Love is like poetry, both lend the hue
Peculiar to themselves to all they touch,
And clothe it with a loveliness all new,
A strange but most delightful sweetness. Such
The beauty by the pictured window shed
On the cold walls of some cathedral aisle,
Tinting the sculptured relics of the dead,
Till marble dames and warriors seem to smile.
As love's first offering for the new-born year,
This Volume, rich in Britain's choicest song,
No inappropriate tribute will appear
From him whose fondest prayer shall be, that long
As life is thine, thy days and years may be
Made fair and bright by love's sweet poesy.

CANADIAN PIC-NIC SONG.

Boat Song. *

Air—VOLE MON CŒUR VOLE.

Cheerly as the day begun ;
See how bright the glittering snow
Sparkles in the merry sun ;
On a pic-nic let us go.
Hamel's house has had its sway,
And Lake Beauport and Lorette,
What shall be the place to-day ?
Montmorenci's left us yet.

REFRAIN.

What to-morrow 'll be we know not,
But to-day's our own,
We shall lose it if we go not,
To the smooth, tall Cone.

Bustle, boy, our things to find,
All the *marche dones* now are ready ;
Skins before and tails behind,
Jingling bells and drivers steady.
What to-morrow, &c,

Now we're muffled warm and well,
Sprightly talk and laugh and song
Of our merry purpose tell,
As we gaily spank along.
What to-morrow, &c.

* A Canadian Boat Song consists of an indefinite number of very simple verses; each verse after the first beginning with the repetition of the last couplet of the preceding one ; the singer frequently composes as he proceeds. The air has three long notes answering to the long vowels in the words " day's our own "—and " smooth tall cone."

At a gallant dashing rate
Now we rattle through the town,
'Till we reach old Palace Gate,
Then the hill we scamper town.
What to-morrow, &c.

Swiftly pass we o'er the ice,
Soon we gain the Beauport shore,
Trotting on 'till in a trice
The Cone is gained,—the journey's o'er.
What to-morrow, &c.

How each little ragamuffin
Counts our coppers all his own,—
As the ladies panting, puffing,
Slowly climb the slippery Cone,
What to-morrow, &c.

Each upon her tiny car,
Like an avalanche they go
Down the icy hill and far
O'er the snowy plain below.
What to-morrow, &c.

Now again the course they try,
Toiling up the glassy steep,
Gain the top, and from on high
Swift as arrows down they sweep.
What to-morrow, &c.

Thus we pass our pleasant time,
Frost and fun our hearts elating,
Down we slide and up we climb
'Till we hear that—dinner's waiting.
What to-morrow, &c.

See the crowded table spread,
Flesh and fowl and fruit and fish;—
That we might be duly fed
Every guest has brought a dish.
What to-morrow, &c.

Every house has something sent,
Pies and puddings, cakes and sweets,
All good cheer they represent,
Quite a Parliament of meats.
What to-morrow, &c.

Ladies fair have made the tea
Beaux politely hand about;
Savageau with eager glee
Draws his nimble fiddle out.
What to-morrow, &c.

Listen to the merry din,
Galopade, quadrille and waltz;
How we caper, how we spin,
No one flags and no one halts.
What to-morrow, &c.

But the hour of starting's come,
For the East is growing red;
Beauteous belles must think of home,
Brilliant beaux must go to bed.
What to-morrow, &c.

As in sleep again we slide
And of future pic-nics dream,
Down a shadowy Cone to glide
Phantom boys with sledges seem.
What to-morrow, &c.

AN ALBUM'S PETITION.

To each dear friend and kind relation
Of its mistress,—of what nation
They may be soe'er, and whether
Known or not,—to all together,
Young or old, or dull or witty,
Rich or poor, or plain or pretty,
A modest begging book's memorial
Humbly sheweth—

That to glory, all
Who its pages will adorn
Shall be *by* its pages borne,
And go down to future times
With the author of these rhymes,—
—They who're young may write about
Love's sweet dream and anxious doubt;
And they who have been long on earth
May tell us what that dream is worth.
They who have the brains and wit
On many a brilliant thought can hit,
And they who've not can borrow one
From the good king Solomon.
They who're rich can pay at will,
For another artist's skill,
But they who're poor, unhappy elves,
Must try to write or draw themselves.
They who're pretty, if they're wise,
Their beauty will immortalize
By having each bewitching look,
Glowingly copied in this book;—
To those who're plain 'twill be a duty
To show how wit surpasses beauty.

Come ladies fair, and gentlemen,
Wield the pencil or the pen,
You can fill me if you try;—
Write or draw, or cut or buy,
Verse or picture, prose or print,
Act on a gentle album's hint;
Give my mistress something clever,
For itself she'll love it ever;
Or if it be of those that perish,
For *your* sake your gift she'll cherish;
So shall your production be
Made famous by its place in me.—
Be of my requests observant
And my lady is your servant;
Accede to them without delay,
And your petitioner shall pray;
&c., &c., &c.

TO MY SISTER.

In joy, in grief, in laughing safety's day,
In frowning danger's hour, when blank dismay
Filled sterner hearts than ours,—we two have been
Companions my sweet sister;—tho' we part
In person, still I know that heart to heart
Will speak and answer ever: write and tell
All that may grieve or please thee, knowing well
That all that pains or joys or interests thine
Pains, joys or moves this faithful heart of mine.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript, 1839.

A steam steel pen of fifty poet power,
Kind patrons, scarce could tell you what we feel;—
Poetic parturition's trying hour
First comes upon us now. Could we reveal
The throbs and throes which seem the only dower
That bright Apollo gives to those who kneel
Before his shrine, we think no luckless wight
Who ne'er wrote verse before would venture verse to write.

We are not hardened devils like to those
Who run from door to door with the Gazette;
Their seventy years have taught them to compose
In verse without an effort, we, as yet,
Scarce count a twelve month since our *Transcript* rose
To give the world its light;—but e'er it set
(Some hundred years from hence) we hope that we
"Most sweet, enchanting bards," like them, shall surely be

To you the first-born offspring of our Muse
We dedicate and leave without a name:
Baptize it as you will,—we'll not refuse.
The name you give:—to pleasure you it came;
For Godfathers and Godmothers we choose
Our paper's patrons:—it it's quite the same
To *you* to *us* we own it would be pleasant
You'd give its authors each some little christening present.

Let other devils tell you what the year
That died last night was famous for;—the rise
Of foul Rebellion and its brief career;—

How mighty Durham charmed our wandering eyes
With gold, while silvery accents on the ear
Pour'd golden promises;—or to the skies
Extol the pomp that graced the celebration
Of our fair, young, good Queen Victoria's coronation.

Or let them tell how judges were suspended
For thinking Special Councils might be wrong;
—How well our martial citizens defended
Our country from the sympathizing throng;
—How those whose labours ought to have amended
Their countrymen, must sing their New Year's song
Through prison bars;—our earnest hope must be
That time will prove their hearts from impious treason free.*

For us the year has had *one* great event
That swallows up the rest,—the *Transcript's* birth:—
If to your vacant moments it hath lent
The charm of poesy; if flowers of worth
Transplanted to its pages have been sent
To grace your evening hours with harmless mirth,
It seeks no better praise, no more renown:—
Upon your smiles it lives,—it dies if you should frown!

Generous patrons, kind and true,
Each of us to each of you,
For this joyous season wishes
Appetite and savoury dishes;
Health and wealth and Christmas cheer,
And a happy, happy year.

Some *Editors* had got into trouble.

A. W. to M. K.

We may or may not meet again, I may or may not see
Thy face again or hear thy voice, but I forget not thee:
Our friendship's not of ancient date, no kindred forms our tie,
And yet I seem to know thee well and love the tenderly.

Thou wast my guest when first I called a husband's house my home;
I cannot think of that sweet time but what thy form will come
Before my fancy and my heart with pleasant memories move,
Thou dear and cherished friend of those whom I am proud to love.

Forget not thou that pleasant time when much that met our view.
To thee as to myself was strange and beautiful as new,
T'will please me if whene'er thine eye this simple verse surveys
Like me thou reckonest that time among thine happy days,

May the rich blessing of our God who is all truth and love,
Be round thy path and guide thy feet wherever they may rove,
Thy virtuous thoughts bear fruit in deeds, thine errors be forgiven,
Thine home be happy while thou liv'st—thy home of homes be heaven.

NEW YEARS ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1839.

Goddess of the sage and witty,
Whom thy democratic city
Worshipped happily of yore,
Till Demagogues and faction tore.

The bond of peace;--And, thus divided,
Her Sons, "*misguiding or misguided,*"
Became the dupes and prey of those
Who holding *all* Athenians foes,
Fomenting discords—parting friends
The better to attain their ends,
Kept their own interest still in view,
As Yankee Sympathisers do;
While Philip held a *neutral* tone
As Yankee Presidents have done.

Bright Goddess, come--if wisdom yet
Delights thee—here's the last Gazette;
Or if thy other art appears
More charming—see our Volunteers!
Since Cadmus' day, so fine a set
Of sudden soldiers never yet
Rose at a word. It seemed Sir John.
With serpents' teeth the land had sown.

While thus we sang the Goddess came,
But as in olden time the dame
Appeared to mortals in the guise
Of him whom they esteemed most wise,
So now she took her ancient way
And came--the Mentor of our day--*
The man whom all our factions own
For moderation stands alone;
Who, if his creed be something changed
On abstract questions,--never ranged
Beyond the pale of loyalty.

* John Neilson the first English Editor in Canada.

He thought the mass of men might be
Entrusted with the destinies
Of Nations—for *he* was too wise
T'abuse the power, and kindly thought
All felt like him and as they ought;
'Till stubborn facts and mob excess
Compelled him to esteem them less
And put off his democracy
'Till all should be as wise as he.

When thus Minerva had put on
The likeness of *our* "glorious John,"
She, while our knees with reverence shook,
A slightly Scottish accent took,
And kindly prompted what to say
To Patrons kind on New Year's day,
And taught poor devils to rehearse
The year's events in simple verse.

When the last year its course began,
Disorder thro' the country ran,
And to Rebellion's usual brood
Was added foul ingratitude;
And men who but for Britain's power
Had never known a single hour
Of freedom, but had lived and died
The vassal slaves of Gallic pride,
Or 'mid the Democratic host
Laws, language, and religion lost,
Had dared to scoff at Britain's might
And bared their puny arms for fight.
The loyal then at once arose
As one brave man, and to their foes
Soldier and soldier-citizen

Their faces turn'd and struck; and then
At the first blow the Rebels quailed,
And sympathizing Brigands failed.

Then came the Lord of high pretence
And wonderful magnificence.—
Consistent—tho' he seem'd to be
Himself an inconsistency:—
The ballot man, despising all,—
Th' Aristocratic Radical.

He thought within our land to rule
Just like a master in a school,
And deem'd the country needs must thrive
When govern'd by himself, and *five*,
Who, learning all things in a minute,
Consulted not a soul within it.
But time, who air built castles evens,
Showed all at sixes and at sevens;
Too true himself to think his friends —
Would give him up to serve their ends,
Too brave to think that loyalty
Required a captive foe should die,—
The Rebel Leaders he befriended,
But *rather* far his powers extended.
BROUGHAM led the attack with ancient hate,
And MELBOURNE left him to his fate.—
Deserted by his friends and cuff'd
By enemies—the Lord got huff'd,
And when GLENELG was next awake
He'd a new Governor to make.

Meantime Victoria's brow was bound
With Britain's diadem: and crown'd

In the world's proudest, highest place,
She peerless sat, with youthful grace;
And Raleigh's spirit comes again
To British hearts,—and British men
The deep devoted feeling prove,
Of mingled loyalty and love.

As if to grace the maiden's reign,
Steam speeds the news across the main;
The tidings to Virginia come,
In smaller time than she from whom
Virginia has her name, could send
A message to an Irish friend.

Stern winter came—the Lord was gone,
And at his post was good Sir JOHN;
And they whom beating could not teach,
Whose hearts his mercy could not reach,
Once more in mad rebellion rush'd
Against him,—and again were crush'd.

Our Council then the laws amended,
And Judges were themselves suspended.
They held that our wise Council's laws
Had a great hole, thro' which a deep
And subtle advocate might creep.—
Thro' the whole case the Council saw
And sagely passed another law,
Declaring, what the Judges call
A hole, to be no hole at all.

But members of the craft that we
Held gifted with all purity,
All learning and all eloquence,
All loyalty, and common sense—

Men whom we imps with reverence saw,
On whom we cast our eyes with awe,
Are now (Heav'n grant with little reason)
Snspected of the crime of treason !
This,—this, the hearts of devils breaks,
And iron tears run down our cheeks;
Sobs choke our voice—but we must try
Our sobs to check, our eyes to dry :—
The joyous season calls for joy,
Gay thoughts all honest hearts employ.
Bright be the prospects of the year
To you, and all whom you hold dear,
Kind generous Patrons :—all we ask,
Now that we've done our yearly task,
Is, that you kindly take our hint,
And deign to smile on what *we* print.
And that we please you, Patrons all,
We hope for *Proof* whene'er we call.
All health, all joy, all peace be yours,
The pride of pleasing you be ours !

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Transcript 1840.

Behold another New Year's day :—
Twelve changeful months have passed away
Since first *we* wrote for fame,
To us your smiles have, as it passed,
Made each a " Transcript " of the last,
And welcome as it came.

But what, kind Patrons, shall we take
To be our theme to day, and make
The subject of our verse?
We cannot ask *our* muse to bend
To Politics, or condescend
Its squabbles to rehearse.

We hold the Politician's schemes,
Lord Russell's plans, Lord Durham's dreams,
But necessary evils;
We talk of them in prose sometimes.
But in our hearts and in our rhymes,
We're Literary Devils.

About them many make a fuss,
But things like these appear to *us*
To verge upon the stupid:
We chant love duties as we stroll,
And each of us in heart and soul
Is but an Inky Cupid.

Our Ministers and Gracious Queen
Each bent on "Union" now are seen.
We like the Queen's the best;
And, tho' we wish she could prefer
A Briton to a Foreigner,
We hold *that* union blest.

Of those who think the *other* right
And just and wise, we are not quite
The foremost on the list;
And yet, we almost wish we were,
For he who seeks to win the fair
Must be a Unionist.

Dear Readers, if "United," may
Your joys increase each New Year's day;
And if your bliss be single,
May such sweet Union soon be found
That *Love* and *Bliss* in endless round
Of happiness shall mingle.

We have a gentle wish ourselves,—
But we are all such modest elves
That for our lives we cann't sue;—
If you can *guess* it we're delighted,—
And fifteen ugly pence "united"
Make a most lovely *trente-sous*.

G. W. W. to M. K., 1840.

Remember us ever—remember Quebec,
Remember its virtues, remember its faults:
Remember our dance on the gay frigate's deck,
Remember the people who taught you to waltz;
Remember our pic-nics, remember our balls,
Remember our moonlight quadrille at the Falls.

Remember your taste of an Editor's evils,
Remember the types and remember the press;
Remember the Transcript, remember its devils,
Remember their neat little New Years address:
Remember the pleasure of sorting the *Pi*.
Remember your squabble with poor Mr. Y.

Remember St. Giles, and remember your blind,
Remember our drive through the woods all in flame;
Remember poor Memory, riding behind,
Remember our horse, and remember his name.

Remember Miss Smith and the cows and the sheep,
Remember the river, remember poor Sweep.

Remember Anne Mocock, remember her face,
Remember the Elephant hung in her room;
Remember the Chaudière, that picturesque place,
Remember the Etchemin bridge and the boom;
Remember the rain's constant drizzle and mizzel,
Remember our wishing for something like swizzle.

Remember our ice, and remember our snow.
Remember the *Marche-doncs*, remember their skins;
Remember our Towns, both above and below,
Remember the house where you dwelt for your sins:
Remember the evenings that in it you've given,
Remember the reason we christened it "Heaven"

Remember your neighbors, your friends and well-wishers,
Remember the parties at which they all shone;
Remember the Fletchers, the Lindsays and Fishers,
Remember the Natural Steps and the Cone:
Remember this Poem's delightfully clever;
Remember us all and remember us ever.

Inserted by permission.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

I'll ne'er forget thee, dear Quebec,—thy clear, bright frosty days,
I'll ne'er forget thy carioles, thy bark canoes or sleighs;
I'll ne'er forget thy bitter cold that made our fingers tingle,
I'll ne'er forget thy nice warm stoves, both double, dumb, and single.
I'll ne'er forget thy gentlemen befurred up to the eyes,
I'll ne'er forget the strange snowshoes that made them look such guys;
I'll ne'er forget thy martial men, the gallant volunteers;

I'll ne'er forget the Artillery, Queen's Own or Engineers ;
I'll n'eer forget a single star of all the varied throng.
I'll ne'er forget a single ball, a pic-nic, dance or song ;
I'll ne'er forget the dear abode of friends sincere and many,
I'll ne'er forget the one I loved the very best of any :
I'll ne'er forget to mourn its fate, its destiny so cruel,
I'll ne'er forget to grieve that it was turned at last to fuel ;
I ll ne'er forget the *soirées* there, the gay, the merry joke,
I'll ne'er forget "The time I've lost," nor yet "The brave old Oak ;"
I'll ne'er forget sweet Annie's voice, her song, "They come, they come,"
I'll ne'er forget dear Harriet who always "Loved to roam ;"
I'll ne'er forget the witchery, the power of music mighty :
I ll ne'er forget His Majesty "The King of Otaheitee ;
I'll ne'er forget how harmony entranced the list'ning ear,
I'll ne'er forget how all encored my song, "The Soldier's Tear ;"
I'll ne'er forget the Pleasant Mount, nor e'er the wedding-day,
I'll ne'er forget the evening the bride was borne away ;
I'll ne'er forget her happy smile, her graceful, gentle mien,
I'll ne'er forget the company who graced the busy scene ,
I'll ne'er forget good, kind papa, who did our mirth partake,
I'll ne'er forget, tho' last not least, the charming wedding-cake.
I'll ne'er forget my own abode,—beyond St. John's I mean,
I'll ne'er forget its charming site, or beautiful "wood scene."
I'll ne'er forget the troubles that as Editress I knew,
I'll ne'er forget the kindly friend who always helped me through.
I'll ne'er forget thee, Canada, the land that rapture wakes,
I'll ne'er forget thy lovely falls, thy mountains or thy lakes ;
I'll ne'er forget thee, tho' I may not see thy beauty more,
I'll ne'er forget in memory to visit oft thy shore.
I'll ne'er forget you, oh, my friends, wherever I may be,
I'll ne'er forget to hope that you will aye remember me

M. K., London, 1840.

BAPTISMAL ADDRESS.

To H. L., a Boy.

Your Godfather and Godmother, sweet Baby,
Salute you with a joint sponsorial kiss;—
They send you nothing else just now—but, *may be*
Their loving kindness will not end with this;—
If aught that's nice for ornament or play be
Found in the town the chance they will not miss.
So now, be very happy:—and do, pray, be
Exceeding good,—in virtue place your bliss:
And go to school betimes, and mind your book;
Go twice a day to church, thro' shine or showers,
At least until you get confirmed—for, look,
Till then *we* pay for all your wicked hours.—
If you *must* sin, pray sin on your own hook,
And at *your* cost and peril,—not at ours.

AN ORDINANCE RESPECTING ALBUMS.

Friendship calls her special council together.

When Friendship heard that Harriet meant
To sport an album, off she sent
Her messengers to summon Wit,
Wisdom and Poesy, to sit
With Music and Design and Plan
('Twas thus the writ of summons ran)
How the said Album should be filled
By persons competently skilled.
They came, they sat with due decorum,

They pass an ordinance.

(Five just made Friendship's Council's Quorum.)
And after grave debate, at last
The following ordinance was passed.

An ordinance for the protection
Of Harriet's Album by th' inspection
By some one competently skilled
Of things with which it shall be filled.

Preamble.

Whereas it hath been represented,
That Harriet Fletcher hath consented
To keep an Album which she sends
For contribution to her friends,—
And *whereas* it importeth much,
The contributions should be such
As ought in Albums to appear—

An inspector of contributions appointed.

We have in special council here,
Ordained, enacted, and directed
Each contribution be inspected
By E. T. F., and be rejected,
If when he comes to look it o'er
He thinks he's seen its face before.

Certain articles prohibited.

And be it furthermore ordained
That no admission shall be gained
By any verses imcomplete
In decent rhymes, or short of feet;
Or drawings, where a rose receives,
A lily's stalk and poppy leaves,
Or music which performance mars
By disregarding time and bars:
But, saving this, we will that all
Be taken—if original:—

Proviso.

Provided that each contribution
Admitted to the Institution.
For reading, looking at, or fiddling,
Be classed as "good" or "bad" or "middling"
By the inspector, who shall brand
Such class upon it, out of hand.

And further, that as love in rhyme
Is apt to waste his brains and time,
And Bachelors if let alone
Will rhyme upon no theme but one,
Love verses to nameless ladies prohibited. And books of nameless Ladies full
Are apt to be exceeding dull;—
It is ordained that none shall dare
To write on love to any fair,
Unless he prove his passion's strength
By giving all her names at length.

Proviso. Provided always, and it is
The true intent and sense of this,
That it shall be th' Inspector's duty
To find vast wisdom, wit and beauty,
In each foregoing clause and line
And brand this Ord'nance "*Superfine.*"

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

To H. F., with Cowper's Poems.

A bard unmarried, Harriet, might, perchance,
A volume of a warmer tone have sent,
Some rhyme of love and passion, some romance
Of hope and fear and joy and rapture blent:
But *I* have but an elder brother's voice
To wish thee years and hours of health and peace:
And therefore for a Birthday gift my choice
Hath fallen one whose numbers never cease
To praise our calmer joys, who was content
With virtue for a theme, and wove a strain
Whose grave rebuke or harmless merriment,

Reproved or laughed at vice and folly's reign.
Among the volumes which thy boudoir grace
The Sofa's bard may hold a worthy place.

14 December, 1839

Most gentle Reader,—
Was Cowper's Calvinistic creed all right ?
Was I predestined ere I saw the light
To make and send th' above delightful sonnet ?
Were you foredoomed to smile or frown upon it ?
Or did his creed err ?

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Quebec Gazette, 1*st January*, 1847.

Hark! once again the midnight chime,
Hath given a solemn tongue to Time,
And the last tone of yonder bell
Hath bid the vanished year farewell;
Gone like all years before, and cast
In the wide Gulf we call the Past!
Yet that the year's influence may extend
Far hence to time's remotest end,
And future good or ill may fix
Its earliest root in "forty six."
Shall he have cause to grieve or laugh,
Who writes the dead year's epitaph ?
Let's see—Her Majesty the Queen
(Whom may God prosper) hath not seen
It fitting in this year to bless

John Bull with Prince or with Princess.
But yet we trust that bets are even,
We've one or both in forty-seven.

Princes, the King of France has throught,
Are getting scarcer than they ought,
And that the royal Crown of Spain,
Might fit a Bourbon's head again ;
So sends his sons to fetch the Bride,
With hopes of Crown and wealth beside,
And though the British Lion's growl
Somewhat disturbs ths Gallic fowl,
France braves the storms that o'er her lower
And turns for comfort to the dower.
—Cracow, the Autocrats agree,
Had better be no longer free,
And though the Lion threats her foes
And Gallia's Bird against them crows,
Poor Cracow's glory's past away
Till freedom hails a brighter day.

Old Uncle Sam cares nought for this,
Th' affair he thinks is none of his;
And holds it very little odds
Which way old Europe's " balance " nods,
Provided that same balance scheme
Molest not his ambitious dream,
And that no Prince or Queen assume a
Right to the Halls of Montezuma.
For Uncle Sam hath modestly
Resolved that *these* his own shall be.

—Our " balance " here is rather nice
And may be upset in a trice;
Lord Elgin will not find two pins

Of odds of weight' twixt outs and ins,
So even do their chances seem,
That either yet may kick the beam.
Much work (between ourselves and you)
The Gracious Lord will have to do;
And if he satisfies the claims
Of every party,— if he names
Men to each office, who shall be
From all objection wholly free,—
If he shall fill the public chest,
By means that all shall own the best,—
If he to Parliament shall send
Measures that all men shall commend,—
If under him our troubles cease
And jarring factions work in peace,—
If on the "College question," he
Shall get all interests to agree,—
If BALDWIN shall be hand in glove
With SHERWOOD,—if LAFONTAINE move
A vote of confidence in DRAPER
And laud each Ministerial paper,—
If WILLIAMS' verdict shall attest
The Ministerial "Channel" best,
And ARMSTRONG own that none but Turks
Would vilify the Board of Works,—
If GUGY shall with pen and tongue,
Indite the praise of Colonel YOUNG,—
If editors in Montreal
Shall cease among themselves to brawl,
Until our own old "Glorious JOHN"
Has nothing to comment upon,—
He will, (we speak with all respect,)
Do quite as much as we expect.

Patrons and friends, the bygone year,
Hath left one little score to clear;
Through wind and rain, thro' cold and sun,
Our weary round we've daily run,
From south and north, from west and east,
We've brought the intellectual feast:
We hope some proof that not in vain,
We've faced the wind, sun, cold and rain,--
Some token that our work of love
You've deigned to notice and approve.
CARRIERS LOVE CASH--We say no more;
We've proved your generous hearts before.
And bright and blissfull may your New Year be,
From every care and every surrow free!--

THE NORTH SHORE RAILROAD.

Quebec Gazette, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

I know I have no right to appear in verse more than once a year, and that my time for this year is past; but as I trudge through the streets distributing your invaluable lucubrations to every body, every body *will* talk to me about the Rail-road, and really the poetic fire within will consume me if I do not give it vent;--pray print me then, and I will carry you about with double diligence.

I am, Dear Mr. Editor,
With profound respect,
One of the humblest of your devils,
A. B. C.

What is it that awakes my lyre,
And fills me with unwonted fire?
The thing to which all hopes aspire;
Our Rail-road.

What's that on which we all agree,
Old Nestor * within the " Journal " free,
And Cauchon with the Mercury?
Our Rail-road.

At whose success we'd all be glad,
The Tory, moderate, or the rad,
All sects and sorts (except the mad)—
Our Rail-road.

What will be far the surest plan,
To keep us loyal to a man,
And make us laugh as Jonathan?
Our Rail-road.

What will the provinces unite
In real union, firm and tight,
And keep us British and all right?
Our Rail-road.

What, if we don't the boon refuse.
Will forward every body's views,
And make us all as rich as Jews?
Our Rail-road.

What will convey our wood and grain
At every season to the main,
And bring us British goods again
Our Rail-road.

What will the rapid steam cars dash on
To Bring us London's newest fashion
And gratify dear woman's passion?
Our Rail-road.

* I most humbly crave your pardon, Mr. Editor, for this poetic license.

What *may* perhaps do something more,
And to mis-used Quebec restore
The rank she held in days of yore? *
Our Rail-road.

And then perchance it may befall,
Our † wives shall hear the pleasant call.
To grace Lord Liberal's Castle Ball:
Dear Rail-road!
Then let us heart and hand combine,
And all in one great effort join,
To urge this wonder-working line
Of Rail-road.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Pilot, 1849

Huzza! fsr the PILOT that weathered the storm,—
Huzza! for Lord Elgin—Huzza! for Reform,—
Huzza! for our Ministers, honest and able,—
Huzza! for the measures they'll lay on the table,—
Huzza! for the Session that's going to be,
The Session the Province is longing to see,—
Huzza! for ourselves, who in prophecy bold,
In our last New-Year's Rhyme, all this triumph foretold,
Proving thus that in gifts, if no longer in name.
The Poet and Prophet are ever the same.

---

* The Seat of Government.

† Another poetse license for *me*, Mr. Editor, but remember I shall be a rich man then (thanks to the Rail-road) and Lord Liberal may choose to forget I was a poor devil once, if he knows I was always an honest one.

Huzza! for the friends that stood steadily by,—
Huzza! for Lamartine—Huzza! for Pope Pius,—
Huzza! for the Banner of Freedom unfurl'd,
For the good of all nations, the weal of the world;—
Huzza! louder than all for our own native land,
For its cheerful obedience to lawful command,
For the best Constitution the world ever saw,—
Huzza! for the people, the Queen and the Law!
And, huzza! for the men that assist the attack
Of the Communist's doctrine:—long live Cavaignac.
We haven't got *much*, but we'd like to retain it,
Not divide with the boys that did nothing to gain it,
Nor sharing our New Year's emoluments sweet,
With the first ragamuffins we find in the street.
But this is digression,—our present vocation
Is to deal in poetical vaticination.

The Session that's coming shall ever be blest,
As the longest, the wisest, the greatest, the best:
Mr. Baldwin shall make all our Colleges flourish,
LaFontaine shall justice and equity nourish,—
Mr. Drummond all crimes shall detect and repress,
Mr. Blake all abuses expose and redress,—
Mr. Morin shall charm us with eloquent words,—
Mr. Caron shall do the same thing in the Lords,—
Mr. Leslie shall answer all questions and calls,
Mr. Merritt shall give all kinds of *canawls*,—
Messrs. Cameron and Taché make bridges and roads,
In all sorts of places, and all sorts of modes,—
Mr. Viger shall lessen our national debt—
A thing that no tory has ever done yet,—
Mr. Hinks shall make perfect our Representation,
Shall get us Free Trade too, and Free Navigation,—
Shall the duties impose in so charming a way,

'Twill be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay,—
With such exquisite tact he the Tariff shall fill,
It shall gladden John Glass and please Peter M'Gill;—
He shall issue Debentures (a marvellous thing),
That shall pay themselves off with the profit they bring;—
Libel law shall amend that the Press may be free,
And that men may write truth without fear of Gugee;—
He shall make us all rich:—but if thus we run on,
In foretelling his deeds, we shall never have done.
If you know what is good for our country, you know
What he'll think, say, and do, and—Amen, be it so!

Having thus drawn aside the dark curtain of State,
And unveiled the designs of political fate—
Having speechified from our poetical throne,
Which we hold (more's the pity) for one day alone,
We come to the point, which, in all thronal speeches,
The great end of Government touchingly teaches;
Tho' a point of vast import in few words it lies—
"Dear Ladies and Gentlemen grant us Supplies:"
You know what the Carrier's necessities are,—
We'll accept of Debentures, and take them at par!

THE CARRIER'S CAROL—FOR 1849.

Quebec Gazette.

Amid the crash of thrones and flight of Kings,—
The downfall of time-honor'd thoughts and things,—
'Mid violence baffling freedom's brightest hope,—
And the brave efforts of the liberal Pope;—
'Mid Rebel outbreaks and the fiery gleam
Of Towns bombarded, and Italia's dream
Of adding one more nation to the list:—
'Mid Red Republican and Communist,—
'Mid democratic movements near and far,—
And lurid portents of impending war,—
A year hath passed and ended;—heaven be praised,
The withering storm hath yet but lightly grazed
Our British Parent, while ourselves have gazed
Untouched spectators of the wreck around,
In tempered freedom safe, by love and duty bound!
True, our funds *are* rather low,
And Debentures do not go
Quite so readily at par
As we could have wished,—yet far
Be it from our thoughts to grumble:
In the universal tumble
We have lost in cash and labors
Less than many of our neighbors:
That is the Province has—for we,
Imps as we are known to be,
With a deep affliction mourn
O'er our lamented Patron's Urn! *
Would we could raise his cenotaph
And there inscribe this Epitaph!

* John Neilson.

THE EPITAPH.

An honest man lies here,—not falsely bland,
But kind in very deed and true in heart,
With unbought zeal who served our native land,
And not for office played the Patriot's part.

Wielding with easy power his trusty pen,
Keen without gall, without unkindness free,
His aim to raise and serve his fellow men,
He tempered censure aye with courtesy.

Our country weeps in him her sagest friend,
The press its ancient ornament and pride;—
In us all mournful thoughts and feelings blend,
Guide, friend and master lost when Neilson died.

When in our final *case* we lie,
Knocked out of *form* and into *pi*,
May we a like *impression* leave;
Like *proof* of love may we receive,
And inky Imps our praise rehearse,
In honest if in rugged verse!

But we must not be gloomy—the New Year is *come*,
And the Session is *coming*, to make us all glad,
For our Ministers (bless them!), with trumpet and drum,
Have proclaimed that they'll rid us of every thing bad,
And will give us all good things,—a College, and Cash,
And a new Judicature, no second-hand hash
But a spic and span new one,—and free Navigation
To make us a mighty magnificent nation,
New Taxes, new Duties, new Incorporation
Of Cities and Boroughs, and new Registration;—
Of Post Office matters a new Regulation,
New Districts, new Counties, new Representation,
New School laws ensuring us Illumination,

New Census Bills giving us new information,
New schedules of Salaries, working vexation
(With a salvo, of course, for their own preservation)
To overpaid placemen, and great tribulation ;
New schemes for our Revenue's vast augmentation,
For increasing industrious and sound population
By encouraging Settlement and Immigration,
That is by addition and multiplication ;—
And many more things which need verification !
Dont t we wish we may get them ?—no matter! we'll hope ;—
Who'd have thought Reformation would come from the Pope ?
If they do all this good and remove all these evils,
We'll all turn Responsible Government d——ls ;
We'll hurra for LaFontaine and Baldwin,– we'll take
The oath of allegiance to Drummond and Blake,—
We'll confess (as the Pilot apparently thinks)
That there *may* be some good in our friend Mr. Hincks,
We'll believe that there's virtue in Leslie and Price,
And that Taché and Cameron are free from a vice.

Patrons, may the coming year
Find and leave you happy here ;
And, life ended, may you be
Happy through eternity.
Do you wish such happiness ?
Seek your fellow men to bless.
Would you, now that cash is rare,
Invest at interest high, yet fair ?—
What's given to the poor is lent
On better terms, than cent per cent,—
And on these terms, poor way-worn elves,—
We'll take a *trifling loan* ourselves

THE STEAM EXCAVATOR OR PATENT IRISHMAN.

The following poem, was written expressly for a young gentleman at Upper Canada College, as an appendix to his *Theme* on this subject; the Ode tho' not strictly Horatian, expresses my admiration for this Invention. I am proud to say that it obtained the applause of Dr. Scadding who marked it as "Good—"worthy of Hildebert."

AD EXCAVATOREM.

O, Excavator nobilis!
O, Machina mirabilis!
Quæ longè antè alias, is, *
Potentior Hibernicis,
In terram fodiendo!

E patriâ Yankeorum,
Venisti ut laborum
Levamen sis nostrorum,
Et versuum meorum,
Tutamen in canendo!

Te pueri circumstantes,
Te senes et infantes,
Aspectu Jubilantes,
Ingenio triumphantes,
Laudabunt in videndo!

Virtutes, quas narrare,
Nec laudibus æquare,
Nec versibus cantare,
Non credo me præstare,—
Mirabor in silendo!

* Ab "Eo."

THE CARRIER'S CHAUNT,

Quebec Gazette, January, 1850.

Oh ! had we a Pegasus willing and able,—
We'd mount him and ride ; but there's none in our stable.
So we'll e'en take a hint from balloon-loving Gale,
Who proposes in search of poor Franklin to sail :
Our balloon shall be made out of last year's Gazette.
And our gas be the hope that you will not forget
The poor Imps who have brought it you. (Thanks to our Mayor,
We might get *real* gas if we'd coppers to spare.)
And thus mounting on high, we at 'vantage may cast.
A glance o'er the future, the present and past.
We are up—we can see over all FORTY-NINE
With its good deeds and bad, from the Pole to the Line.
Towards the future, dark clouds seem to limit our view,
But with breaks here and there we shall try to peep through.
We see anarchy nipping young Liberty's bud,
And " baptizing the first birth of freedom in blood, "
Upsetting each landmark and tried constitution,
And rejecting Reform to embrace Revolution.
We see France preaching fraternization and hope
To her brethren at Rome, and--restoring the Pope !
We see Christians engaging in butcher-like work,*
And the victims of tyranny--saved by the Turk ! †
We see Pestilence march with her death-flag unfurl'd
Spreading fear and dismay o'er three-fourths of the world,
'Till the Angel of Mercy *came* down to their aid
At the cry of the lands, and the Demon is stay'd ;--
Now the bright gleam of hope hath succeeded despair,
And man's gratitude breathes in thanksgiving and prayer.

* At the Holy Sepulcre ! † Kossuth, &c.

Why from Canada last? Hath she none to express?
Was her strait not as sore? Is her thanksgiving less?
But perhaps my Lord Elgin was waiting to see
What his fate with the Torontowegians would be.
True, we've plagues enough left, but they're such as we may
With a will and an effort sweep deftly away;
And there's good with the bad:—While we're up in the sky
Both the good and the bad we can readily spy,
And as each meets our view we shall just jot it down;—
We can't handle the globe like Commissioner Brown.
We see our *ovation* crown'd Governor, who
Is *eggregi* (*o*) *us* Professor of dignified—whew!—
With one hand he rewardeth the Rebels who tried
Annexation by force in their insolent pride;
With the other chastiseth the men who are seen
Humbly seeking the same thing by leave of the Queen:
While Ben-Holmes, more consistent, resisted the force,
But applaudeth the thing in its peaceable course!—
We see our Responsibles handling the pelf,
And each taking good care of his friends and himself.
We see the five C's that embellish our City,
Standing each for a Chiseller cunning and witty;
Chauveau, Chabot and Cauchon, and Caron,—and then
The great Chiseller of Chisellers, our own CITIZEN.*
Number one is a turbulent, troublesome boy,
But he's not a bad chisel—ask Circuit Judge Roy.
Number two's mode of working was clever tho' queer,
For the chiselled himself into Chief Engineer!
Number three in a Pilot-boat followed the sport,
'Till he found himself out a snug berth in our Port.
Number four most of all by his chiselling gains
Getting rid of the work while the profit remains.

* Robert Christie, Esq.

Number five on economy writes, and on history
With a certain *gold pen* about which there's a mystery:
Standing chief among Chisellers, aloof and alone,
And doubling the pay of the HOUSE—and his own.
But there *en revanche,* stands our excellent Mayor,
Our four times unanimous choice, whose good care
Hath enlightened our City with Gas, and who sought her
Health, safety and profit, by seeking for water;
(Employing a Baldwin who hated a job,
And so differed in that from responsible Bob,)
And hath tried party feeling and quarrels to smother
Until cit should meet cit as a friend and a brother.

We see Annexation—But stop, through the cloud
We've a glimpse of the future,—that future is proud.
No stripe sullied flag doth our Citadel deck,
But the Standard of Britain waves over Quebec;
Montreal hath regained her old mercantile fame,
And her sons have abandonned their errors and shame;
Toronto gleams bright in prosperity's sun,
And the trade of the West hath been tried for and won;
Of the tide of good luck the Kingstonians drink;
And the new seat of Government's—where do you think?
We may not tell more,—but it has but *one* seat,
(And that one in the place that's most fitting and meet)
And no more like the softest of members is found
Which between its two seats tumbles bump to the ground.
And Lord Elgin is off—and all parties are tired
Of bemiring each other, and getting bemired;
Even Editors argue, as Editors should,
Not for argument's sake, but for Canada's good,
And have found that a Country is little or great,
Not because it's a Colony, Province or State,

But that wise men attain to the end they're pursuing,
Not by talking or begging, but thinking and doing;
That the best of all ways Cape Misfortune to weather,
Is a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together.
Is this glimpse of the future too bright to be true?—
Ask yourselves,—the solution depends upon you.
We dislike not the Yankees, they're clever and brave,
But the blot on their scutcheon's the whip and the slave;
Let them banish the stripes when the stars are unfurl'd,
And their flag may compete with the pride of the world;
With the red cross of Albion it then may go forth,
As the banner of freedom, and wisdom and worth.
Let them WINTHROP elect and their Congress shall be
The boast of Columbia, the hope of the free;
Let them list to his counsels, their Eagle shall rise
With his pinions unfetter'd, and soar to the skies.

And now again we rest on earth
And hear the sounds of human mirth:
Seasonable sounds of glee,
Laugh and jest and revelry.
But cold and rough the wind doth blow
And sharp the frost, and deep the snow;
And many in winter's season rude
Lack clothing, shelter, fire and food.
Give then, ye rich ones, to the poor;—
The gift shall large increase ensure,
Returning thus your offered gold
In blessings rich and manifold.
Would ye for mercies numberless,
Your gratitude to Heaven express?
The most acceptable thanksgiving,
Is worthy, holy, Christian living;

And of the Christian virtues three
The chief and best is charity.
Better than penance, prayer or shrift,
Is GOD'S delight, the cheerful gift!
And dont forget, that cold and wet,
Or faint with heat, the CARRIER poor,
Hath toiled his way, from day to day,
To bring your NEILSON to your door,
And cometh now to wish you all good cheer,
A merry Christmas, and a happy year!

THE LITTLE EXHIBITION OF 1854.

A Riddle for M. P. P.'s of both Houses.

Sic vos non vobis—VIRG:

A little man did make a Gun.
A very sorry thing,
The barrel weak, the stock awry,
A lock with crazy spring.

And on the back side of the stock,
A silver plate put he,
Marked "eighteen hundred fifty-four"
And "*Fecit*, L. T. D."

He laid the Gun before the men
Who judge of things like these,
They thought it bad, and yet they wished,
The little man to please.

For twice before in vain he tried,
The public prize to snatch,
And three long years had toiled away,
That luckless Gun to patch.

They gently hinted, that they would
For some good workmen send,—
Who might in some particulars,
Stock, lock, and barrel mend,

So said, so done,—those workmen made
A barrel sound and slick,
A stock right good, of walnut wood,
A lock as lightning quick.

But on the backside of the stock,
That plate you still may see.
Marked " eighteen hundred fifty-four "
And " *Fecit*, L. T. D. "

The little man who feared the work,
For *his* might seem too good,
Stiffened the lock,—the barrel scratched,
And scraped the vanished wood.

But still the thing was capital,
A first rate shooting gun,
The Judges gave the prize,—and all
Applauded what they'd done.

The little man he struts about,
As any peacock proud,
Parades the Gun, and shews the prize,
His boasts are long and loud.

If any man presume to doubt,
That his the work could be,
He points unto that silver plate.
And shews him "L. T. D."

The skilful workmen are forgot,
And few may know their name,
Theirs was the work,—the little man's
The profit and the fame.

INTERPRETATION CLAUSE.

Put "Bill" for "Gun,"—be wide awake,—
Thou clever M. P. P.
And tell me who the workmen were?—
And who was L. T. D—?

M. P. P. thinks a little and then guesses right.

"Eureka" shout,—thou'st found it out.
Thou cleverest of men!—
Right well, I say,—in wordy fray,
Thou'lt earn thy one pound ten!

THE CARRIER'S COALITION ADDRESS.

Midnight, 1854–5—*Quebec Gazette.*

"God bless the master of this house,
And mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go;
With their pockets full of money,
And their cellars full of beer—
And God send you all a Happy New Year."

Tolls that loud bell for fifty four,
Or doth it welcome fifty-five?
Mourns it the year that is no more,
Hails it the year that's now alive?
Mourns it for England's, France's brave?
Knells it o'er valour's early grave?
Or peals it cheerly through the night
For Inkerman's all-glorious fight?
Tolls it for Elgin who is gone,
And all the good he might have done?
Or greets it him who rules instead,
Our untried, welcome, hopeful Head?

We cannot say—for good and evil
Come now so mixed that we, the Devil,
(Of the *Gazette*) can hardly say
Whether we should be grave or gay.

We would, perhaps, McNab abide,
If Drummond sat not by his side;
And charming Cayley might appear
If Chabot were not quite so near;

(How in silk gown so spruce and new
Will he the Law-Bricklaying do?)
Macdonald would rejoice our sight
If Morin sat not on his right:
Bob Spence would far more pleasing show,
Were he not linked with dull Chauveau;—
E'en honest, jolly Smith looks cross,
Clapped cheek by jowl with blundering Ross.
Is there no chance our British men
Should ever get their rights again!
Is Lower Canada so low,
That her best man is P. Chauveau;
Her lawyers so *extremely* small,
That Drummond overtops them all;
In her wide confines is there not
An engineer can beat Chabot;
Is genius to her clime so foreign
That her first specimen is Morin?
May her good freemen never hope,
  That one or two at least may sit
In council, who mistrust the Pope,
  Nor cringe to Priest or Jesuit?
  Shall our good city never be
  Cleansed of that odious A. B. C.?

Yet there is one unmingled good—
  One shadowless and sunny spot,
Smooth, cat like Rolph is out and gone,
  To pestle, pill and gallipot:—
However bad the rest may be,
  They are not half so bad as he.

Our rulers have three little Bills
To prop their fame and cure our ills:
They boast of Reciprocity
  And how they'll make the Yankees pay,
But Jonathan's as 'cute as we,
  And *that* may turn the other way.
They boast they've finished the Reserves,
And well they may—but there, methinks,
A greater gun the meed deserves,
The great ten-thousand-pounder Hincks.
  Whipp'd Lewis brags about *his* Bill.
    We might as well be told
  The patient made the Doctor's pill
    That cured him of his cold.
  He swallowed it—the thing was good—
    No man hath e'er gainsayed it,
  He swallowed *well*, but—*by the Rood.*
    He should'nt say he made it.

But truce to Ministerial tricks,
And truce to dirty politics,
  And truce in and out;
Apart from these, the gentlemen
Are just as good as nine in ten,
  And generous souls no doubt:
So as their Poets Laureate, we
Expect from THEM a double fee.

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* NOTE.—The Editor, a modest man, put this in,—our own phrase was more energetic and our rhyme and metre quite as good; but the Editor thought it unpolite, and savouring to much of

THE DEVIL.

To them and all Happy Year,
A cellar full of foaming beer
And lots of Christmas Pies;
And if our Budget you approve,
Kind Patrons, then we humbly move
You grant us the Supplies.

Poor suppliants to your doors we come.
Our *Estimate's* the usual sum,
But yet we should be glad,
If, seeing beef and bread and wood
Are very dear, you only should
A moderate Bonus add!

ADDRESS.

The Patriotic Fund Committee to their fellow citizens.

Ye sons of Britain, Ireland, France,
Whose brethren side by side advance
Against the ruthless Cossack lance,
And freedom's foe;
The wives and orphans of the brave,
Whose valour earned a soldier's grave,
Appeal to you to help and save
From want and woe.

For they who fell on Alma's height,
Or Balaclava's hero fight,
Or died for freedom, God and right,
At Inkermann,
Stretched on the soldier's bloody bier,
Bequeathed you those they held most dear,
That you might dry the mourner's tear,
As Christians can.

Your brethren strive on battlefield,
Who best his country's arms shall wield,
Who first shall force the foe to yield,
Or bravely die:

Strive ye, who first and best shall be
In the great work of charity,
To sooth by generous sympathy,
The mourner's cry.

By Erin's Harp and Shamrock green,—
By bonnie Scotland's Tartan sheen,—
By England's Rose,—by Britain's Queen,
(Long may she live!)

By the red cross your fathers bore
To victory on every shore,
By Gallia's glorious tricolor,—
Give,—freely give.

Give,—and so may the hallowed gold
Return to you a hundred fold,
And blessings and rewards untold,
To you be given:

To succor in their deep distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
Is virtue's purest happiness,
Forecasting Heaven.—

Quebec, 16th January, 1855.

No. 1000.—*1st Session, 6th Parliament*, 21-2 *Victoriæ*, 1858.

BILL.

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.

First Reading Monday, 16th August, 1858.
Second and Third Reading instanter.

Mr. V. Green.

Nena Sahib, Printer to the King of Delhi.

No. 1000.] BILL. [1858.

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.*

FYTTE FIRST.

1. A pleasant game of Fox and Geese
Was played by certain famous men,
'Twas not in Egypt, Rome or Greece,
We won't say where it was or when.

2. Baited with place and power and cash
Sly Renard set a cunning gin;
The leading Gander's soul was rash,
And twelve great geese at once rushed in.

3. He might have caught at least a score,
For all were eager to be taken,
Only the trap would hold no more,
And so the small ones saved their bacon.

* See the Journals of Parliament of this date.

4. One curly gosling seemed to pout,
And others' eyes the tears ran o'er in,
That bigger geese should crowd them out,
And that the trap would take no Mor'in.

5. Those in the trap grew mighty proud,
And little dreaming of disasters.
Strutted about and gabbled loud,
And throught they were the Fox's Masters.

6. Not so the Fox—in merry mood
He laughed to see the waddling rout;
He broke no bones, he drank no blood,
But pulled their prettiest feathers out;

7. He clipped their wings in Vulpine play,
He spoilt their dream so fair and bright.
Then turned them out to find their way
Back to their pen as best they might.

8. Sweet pen! where they with brazen throats
In oratory used to dabble,
And daily gain their ninety groats
By legislative noise and gabble

9. Alas! the way is hard to find,
And very rough and rude the track,
And many may be left behind
And never, never more get back!

FYTTE SECOND.

10. Who played the Fox and who the Goose—
In that eventful time?—
Attend the answer of the muse
In true and deathless rhyme.

11. The Fox a mystery remains,
NOMINIS UMBRA STAT,
And people puzzle hard their brains
In guessing this and that.

12. Some think what seems the Fox's Head
Vice-regal honours wears;—
While others hold that in their stead
A lawyer's coif appears.

13. Some think him wrong, some think him right,
(Those Quidnuncs of the Town)
Some call him black—some call him white,
But no one thinks him *Brown*.

14. The name of every goose he caught
In print recorded was,
In that great work which may be bought,
Of Mister Desbarats.

15. And not among them all was seen
A goose of orange hue,
But some were *rouge*—tho' all were green,
And now look very blue.

16. And one you'd think could never be
Entrapped,—he looks so sage,
And so deep read,—no doubt but he
Enjoys a *green* old age.

17. The geese uncaught were of all hues,
Including White, they say;—
(Between the reader and the muse)
The curly goose was Grey.

18. But there are men of other creed
Who hold the Fox a myth,
Like Fellowes' voters,—or a *feed*
By Mr. Speaker Smith.

19. These think the Fox was love of power,
And love of profit too,—
And Dorion's maxim for the hour,
Was—*tout est pour Lemieux*:

20. In short that in ambition wrapped,
Nought heeding wisdom's frown,
Foley by folly was entrapped,
And Brown by Brown done brown.

CONCLUSION.

21. Thus was the game of Fox and Geese
Played by those famous men:—
They were in luck who saw the piece,
It can't be played again.

22. Great geese, ere Agamemnon reigned,
No doubt the ancients saw;—
No tuneful Poet they obtained,
And died by Nature's law.—

23. Our greater geese through every age,
Like cocks of Gallia *may* crow,
Their names are writ on Clio's page,
NON CARENT VATE SACRO.

IN MEMORIAM.

Old Christ Church.

OTTAWA, 5th March, 1872.

DEAR OLD TIMES—

They are pulling down Old Christ Church. It was not handsome certainly, but it had memories attached to it which the new one cannot have. I, for one, cannot help feeling grieved; and perhaps some lines in which I have tried to give expression to my grief, may find an echo in the heart of more than one old Bytownian: if you think so, you may print them and oblige

Your's most truly,

JANE.

Farewell old Church, where on my infant brow
With solemn rite the mystic sign was traced,
And when my youthful faith renewed the vow,
On my bowed head confirming hands were placed:
Where first I shared the Christian feast divine,
His flesh the bread, the atoning blood the wine:
Before whose altar once I stood a bride,
And where through many a year I knelt in prayer,
A thoughtful wife, with children by my side,
And on my Saviour cast my every care:
Where over ONE the thrilling words were read,
Which when the weary leave this scene of strife,
Console the living, sanctify the dead,
And tell of resurrection and of life.

A fairer fane may rise to take thy place,
Whose broader aisles may own a statelier grace;
Through pictured windows richer light may stream
On moulded architrave and sculptured beam;
From loftier tower the Sabbath bell be rung,
By fuller choirs the swelling anthem sung:—
These will be well—but no new church can be,
What THOU hast been—thou dear old Church, to me.

OTTAWA TIMES, March 8th., 1872.

THE ATTACK,

A Lay by a Layman.

(AFTER TENNYSON)

[" The New Christ Church will contain *six hundred* sittings "]—*Report of the Building Committee.*

I.

Deep in debt, deep in debt,
Deep in debt, deeply,—
Swiftly to ruin's brink
Drift the six hundred.
" Build, build " the Rector said ;
Faint hearts they all obeyed,
Into the clutch of debt
Sank the six hundred.

II.

Now the foundation's laid,
Wise men all stand dismayed ;
But though the laity knew
Some one had blundered ;
Theirs not to question why ?
Theirs not to reason why ?
Theirs but to pay and sigh :—
Truly in slime of debt
Crawled the six hundred.

III.

See all their purses bare,
Filled now with nought but air,
Paying the workmen there,

Paying an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged into carpets, glass,
Grand organ, lamps, and gas;
Native and stranger,
Sickened, discordant mass,
Worn out and plundered:—
Parsons are pleased,—but not,
Not the six hundred.

IV.

Duns rough to right of them,
Duns hard to left of them,
Duns firm in front of them
Threatened and thundered.
Callous to writ and bill,
Swallowing the bitter pill,
Into the Bankrupt Court,
Into the legal mill,
Must go the six hundred.

V.

When will the debt be paid?
O the rash move they made;
All the world wondered.
Pity the error made,
Pity the poor, betrayed,
Hapless six hundred.

R. J. W.

THE DEFENCE.

My Dear "Times."—To-day and to-morrow the ladies offer us a Christmas Tree and other pleasant things in the basement story of Christ Church, and on Friday next, there is to be a very amusing entertainment, at Gowan's Hall,—both in aid of the Organ Fund of the Church. Shall they fail? St. Cecilia forbid! They *must* be a great success; and as poets have a prescriptive right to be prophets, I venture to send you a little poem about them in the prophetic spirit, as if written after the event, but differing from that of another of your poets, who, though a little severe, may have done us, (as I am bound to believe he intended to do), good service by shewing us what debt might lead to.

Ever yours, most truly,

One of the Six Hundred.

I

"Deep in debt, deep in debt,"—
"Let not the thing be said,"—
"Rouse ye my faithful flock,
"Up and repel the charge,
"Faithful six hundred;"—
Thus our good Rector said,
Cheerfully all obeyed;
Spurning the shame of debt,
Rose the six hundred.

II.

All to their Christmas tree
Thronged with each kindly glee,

Soon it was plain to see
No one had blundered;
Theirs was the motive high,
Theirs was the brave reply,
Theirs was the noble cry,
"Freely our help we'll give;—
Worthy six hundred.

III.

Then came they one and all,
Crowding to Gowan's Hall,
Answering their Rector's call,
Heaping their offerings while
All the world wondered;
Clergy with laymen vied,
Opening their purses wide,
Swelling the golden tide;
Poor man and wealthy
In feeling not sundered,
Giving their best to God,
All the six hundred.

IV.

Croakers to right of them,
Croakers to left of them,
Croakers in front of them,
Vainly had thundered;
Strong in their sense of right
Strong in their cause's might,
Bravely they fought the fight,
Freeing their Church from shame,
From the reproach of debt,
Generous six hundred.

V

Glorious the effort made,
Heavy the debt they paid,
While the world wondered;
Praise we the victory won,
Praise the work nobly done
By the six hundred.

Ottawa, December 16, 1873.

THULE OR THULÈ

The following letters,—inserted by permission,—throw some light on the composition of the Poem in question, and they show too the interest which His Excellency took in the modest production of the Company's Muse, and that he was graciously pleased to

> " Read it by the light of kindness "
> " Through good nature's rosiest glasses, "—

an example which I trust the readers of my " Waifs " will loyally imitate.

OTTAWA, 8 June, 1876.

MY LORD,

If Your Excellency were only Governor General of Canada, I should perhaps doubt whether so dignified a personage as a Q. C. of rather ancient standing, might with propriety edit, or, having edited, offer for Your Excellency's acceptance the accompanying trifle,—the first production of " The Thule or Thulê Passage at Arms Company (Limited) "—of which I have the honor to be the Editor. But as the author of " Letters from High Latitudes" and more especially of the famous Latin after dinner speech in Iceland, I cannot but hope that Your Excellency will take some interest in our attempt to throw light upon what our Benedictine Friar calls " the weird mysterious Island's name. " And Your Excellency, though not a member of the Company, is in some sort responsible for its formation,—for without *The Ball*, there would have been no Britannia among us, and without Britannia no " Passage at Arms, " which was a real *bonâ fide* encounter of the wits of some of Your Excellency's faithful Canadian Lieges, the greater parts of them being

of the Civil Service. In proof that one of us (Our Friar) is capable of higher things, I inclose a paper * which I had the honor of editing for him some time ago.

I have the honor to be.

with profound respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

G. W. Wicksteed

Government House,

Ottawa, June 10th., 1876.

My dear Wicksteed,

I am really most obliged to you for having sent me such a charming *jeu d'esprit*.

I only wish Lady Dufferin and I could have been by at the Passage of Arms thus happily rendered immortal. It would, however, have been as an humble spectator, as I should have hardly felt competent to engage in so learned a controversy.

Your sincerely,

Dufferin.

---

* Our Lord at Bethany, by E. T. Fletcher

THULE OR THULÈ

(A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN RHYME.)

Respectfully dedicated to Britannia

May farthest Thule obey thee.
Tibi serviat ultima Thulè.

THE ARGUMENT.

G. W. W. mentions in the course of conversation "Princess of Thulè." A lady whose excellent impersonation of the character at the GREAT FANCY BALL, entitles her to be designated as Britannia, thinks it should be "Thule, a place in Scotland." G. W. W. very respectfully begs leave to differ. W. H. G. takes up his lance for Britannia and becomes her Knight, G. W. W. fights in his own defence and right. Each Knight mounts his Pegasus and couches his lance.

First Trumpet sounds a Point of War

If any man respects his school, he
Certainly will call it Thulè;—
But if he owns Britannia's rule.
Why then perhaps he'll call it Thule.

Second Trumpet answers.

When Irish Celts follow the funeral car,
Their grief finds expression in "shule, shule, agrah!"
"Oh Patsy ohone! and why did you die?"
"Shule, shule, agrah," is their wailing cry.
Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say "Shulè!"

Now Thule may, I think have a Celtic affinity,
And escape from the rules of your worship's latinity;
So if I should bow to Britannia's decision,
I may very well be on the side of precision;
If her trident won't serve her to govern a word,
Why as to the waves,—it would be quite absurd.

(W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again.

Though Britannia's command of the waves may be great,
It it very well known that she don't rule them straight;
And her feminine subjects too often complain,
That she put them to somewhat unwarranted pain;
So now,—with a semi-barbarian Celt
Who won't let their names be pronounced as they're spelt,
She conspires many amiable ladies to tease,
And by cruel cur*tail*ment deprive them of *Ees*.
And Thisbe and Hebe and Phœbe protest
That the thought of her tyranny robs them of rest;
And Niobe vows, with abundance of tears,
That Lethe can't make her forget it for years:
They deny that you give any reason for that
Which you say,—tho' they own your authority's—*Pat.*

Second Trumpet replies.

Second Knight loquitur—pro Britannia.

It tries my patience sorely, to find that all this fuss is
Made on behalf of a pack of Pagan huzzies,
Who, you tell me are given up to tears and affliction,
Because, forsooth, to suit them I won't mend my diction;—
Your Hebes and Thisbes seem their *Ees* to fondly prize!
They spelt them with an Eta (H), or the ancients have told lies,

Then my waves are not straight !—If I ruled not as I do,
Pray, my brave Britons,—what would become of you ?
Your seas tor protection would not be worth their *salt*,
If my ways of ruling did not cause your foes to halt.
But now I'll say no more than just to let you know,
That when you speak of Thulè I shall still cry, No ! No ! ..
Things must have come to a pretty pass, truly,
Before I consent to call Christmas " Yuley " !...(W. H. G.)

First Trumpet sounds again a classic flourish.

First Knight loquitur.

You've your dictionary makers, giving words the sounds most fit,
Prove me wrong by any one of them and them I'll own I'm hit :
Bring our your big " Imperial " and I'll abide by *that :*
But I'll be———, well, say " tridented " before I bow to *Pat.*

Second Trumpet sounds again, a Celtic flourish.

Second Knight loquitur.

When the Greeks to that Isle in the Hebrides came,
Of course they inquired of a native its name ;
And the native of native intelligence full
As certainly answered by telling them " Thul ; "
But as this was a name that no Grecian would speak,
They added an Eta, and so made it Greek.

And thus I have proved in my logical verse,
That " Thul " is the right name in orthodox Erse,
Tho' the Greeks and the Romans dealt with it unduly,
And by adding a letter transformed it to Thulè ;
And Britannia's not wrong when she followeth Pat, in
His pronunciation tho' not Greek or Latin.

First Knight challenges in heroic verse—

I burn to meet thee on the Imperial field,
And throw my gauntlet down, and touch thy shield.

They run a course without serious damage to either; and a Queen of Beauty is appointed to crown the victor: The Lists remaining open—

A Pundit appears on the field.

An aged Pundit passing by
And seeing Knights thus valiantly
Engaged in Arms, did thus discourse:

Such a Pundit as I am can see very clear
That to rightly pronounce the queer word we have here.
To the Court of Analogy appeal must be made,
And judgment when given be strictly obeyed.
This word I hear vaunted, by one gallant Knight,
Of Hellenic descent is,—wherein he is right:
But his classic complaisance I e'en must disturb,
By stating I know of savory Herb
That grows in his garden, wherein he may smell it,
And then, if he pleases, may afterwards spell it.
This herb it is *Thyme*, of good Grecian descent,
Just as good as is that now in hot argument;—
But by *lisping* its *h*, who is there would dare
To smirch the good name of this *verbum* so fair?
And so it is seen, by analogy's law,
That the *h* in the word for which these Knights draw,
Full silent should be never brea hing a breath,
But passing a life of dumbness till death.

Then, next, I could wish that these Knights simply knew,
That clearly the "double O" sound is in U,—
As in "*rule*" it is spoken;—a point though so plain,
That it scares needs more light from my light-giving strain.

Now touching the Tail of this troublesome word;—
"*It wagless must be, like the tail of a bird,*"
Cries one gallant Knight, Britannia's defender;
Whereon I could wish that the Gods would but send her
A Knight better versed in true verbal affinity,
And with more of respect for our Greek and Latinity.

Wagless! or Voiceless! Then why should not Acmè
Be "Ackem" pronounced? A vile thought to rack my
Sensitive nerves and compel my apology
To every student of English Philology.

Having thus with much wisdom disclosed on what *data*
I determine these questions of *verba vexata*,
'T is easy to see to pronounce their word truly,
These *preux chevaliers* should agree upon TOOLEY.

(E. F. K.)

First Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds a flourish.

Mr. Pundit, my ladies you mightily please,
By rightly and kindly protecting their E es;
But the rest of your argument's feeble and vile,
For if Thumos makes Thyme, must not Thulè make Tile?

Second Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds another flourish.

And if Thule becomes Tooley, then Thyme should be Thym-ey,
Or your reason's inferior far to your Rhym-ey.

Britannia Loquitur. Superbe.

Sounds Lord Nelson's Trumpet and cruskes the Pundit.

My Nelson was christened at victory's font,
By a title which some people call *Duke of Bront*:—
Would you, my good Pundit, have ventured, I wonder,
To call my great Hero, *My Lord Dook of Tunder*!

An Oaten Pipe is heard playing a classic strain.

The Schoolmaster being abroad in the neighbourhood and hearing a row among the boys, thus addresses them:

Young folks let me teach you analogy fails
In matters of language and custom prevails:
So tho' Thulè be Thulè, yet Thyme may be Thyme;
And tho' Brontè be Brontè, yet Rhyme may be Rhyme.

Poor Pundit, you're hit on all sides, I may say;
But comfort your grief with this saying of Gay,—
"The men who in other men's frays interpose,
"Will oft have to wipe a sanguineous nose."

Sir Caledon Gilder; a splendid Knight in Gold Armour, takes part in the fray, and runs a-tilt wildly, trumpeting thus,—

If dealing in concrete objective reality,
I fear that Britannia's bump of locality
For once is creative and includes 'neath her rule,
A region fictitious, the "Kingdom of Thule."

True "Mainland" of Scotland to the title laid claim,
But 'twas only in fancy and never by name;
And Borva, where Black has enthroned his King,
Is of Hebridè, east-ward of Scotland's west wing.

We'll deem her in error, and not like her "Leader"
In greed territorial, that titular feeder,
Who thrusts before Enrope his "Empress Bill Titles"
Conservative gnawing conservative vitals.

But the ancients made Thulè the end of creation,
At a time when Scotch thrift had caused little sensation,
And Britannia, mayhap, to their mercantile keenness,
Would accord them the Ultima Thulè of meanness.

But I, as I turn o'er each page of his fiction,
Alight on such rare vivid scenic description,
That I think, of this art, we might not unduly
Pronounce Mr. Black the true King of Thulè.

(C. G.)

Chorus of all the contending parties

We bid you fair welcome, most valorous Knight,
Who have ventured the breaking a lance in our fight;
Your intentions were good and so far you deserve
Our praise, which we give with this only reserve,
That as for your verses, we've analized *them*,
And,—simply, Sir Gilder, they're "*nihil ad rem.*"

An Infantry Soldier appears on the scene.

Pedes, attracted by the warlike sounds, comes boldly forward and thus announces himself a combatant:

Oh! worthy Knights who high on horses ride,
I also in this fray would take a side;
I am no Knight, as my name doth imply,
On my own *understanding* I rely.
The name of Thulè given in times remote,
Doth signify the house of Johnny Groat,
A worthy Scot from whom I claim descent;

(The Scots full valiant are in argument) ;—
Now though in Scotland 'tis the constant rule
Not to pronounce the final *e* in *schule*,
Or *yule*, or *fule*, or any such like word,
In Thulè the last e *is* always heard.
'Tis known by those who prize old classic lore,
This name is used by one who wrote of yore.
And if you will but read his work sublime,
With Thulè only can you make a rhyme.
Therefore 'tis Thulè that alone is right.
Though Thule may be defended by a Knight:
And such I will maintain 'gainst any score,
Come they before me on two legs or four.

(J. F. W.)

A Benedictine Friar

Startled from hys bookes, tooketh out from a windowe harde by, and thus discourseth.

Dilecti fratres, benedicite,—
What means this preparation for a fray?
These Knights in armour dight, with eyes aflame,
Girt for the onset?—And this armed dame
Wielding the glorious trident which of yore
Old Neptune gave to guard our native shore:
—A Pundit, too,—a wise and genial talker,—
A Pedes,—or in other words a Walker;—
And, last a Pædagogue;——What *is* the row?
Tell me, good people, what's the matter now?

Thulè or Thule. You tell me this alone is
Fons et origo disputationis;—
The cause of strife and subject of dispute
Lie in this word,—and whether we should view 't
As made up or one syllable of two?

Hence all this clang of arms, and wild halloo,
Hence the air darkens, thunders roll, the ground
Quakes with a dull premonitory sound,
And fierce Bellona, from her dreadful car,
'Cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war!

Thulè or Thule. When Pythias of Marseilles
(A traveller fond of telling wondrous tales)
Wrote of the far-famed Island in the north,
The' extremest limit of the peopled earth,—
He called it Thulè; so, in later days,
Wrote the Cyrenian Eratosthenes;
So also Ptolemy th' Egyptian,
Procopius, another learned man,
And other Hellenists of ages gone,
All named in Facciolati's Lexicon.
Then for the Latins,—come now, tell me truly,
How can you make it otherwise than Thulè,
When in old Maro's Georgicon divine
We find it as a spondee close the line?
And so with every other Roman poet
Adduced by Fatchy,—his quotations shew it.
On classic grounds then surely all agree
The true pronunciation is Thulè,
Or better, if Erasmus we obey
Rather then Reuchlin, then we have Thuley.

But here Britannia's Knight remarks again.
"The word is Celtic, and should so remain."
But how may this be proven?—Whence inferred?
What Celtic author uses such a word?
Is there a vocable in prose or verse
Like Thule, in Breton, Gaelic, or in Erse?
I know of none. I've wandered to and fro,

With Celts held frequent commune, and must go
Still unconvinced. Let him the fact declare,
If such there be:—I find none anywhere.

How came the word in use? Where all is dark,
Permit me here to hazard the remark,
That in the language of the ancient Finns,
Whose history terminates where ours begins,
Tuli means "Fire." In old primeval days,
Sailing far north, perhaps the sudden blaze
Of Hecla flashed upon their wondering sight
And tinged the sky with red volcanic light
And thus the weird mysterious island's name
Haply from these rude navigators came.
And so,– a mere conjecture,—pardon me,—
I finish with a Finnish theory.

Brothers farewell. I hear the vesper bell
That summons me to—Where I need not tell.
God ye good den. Sit Dominus tutamen.
Laus Deo semper in excelsis. Amen.

(E. T. F.)

The Queen of Beauty speaks and makes her award.

Now stop the strife;—let no more bones be broken,
The contest's ended when the Church hath spoken;
Her word is law;—for truth hath ever graced it.—
And victory's crown must rest where She hath placed it.
Yet a fair wreath shall grace the Celtic Knight,
Who against fearful odds maintained the fight,
And proved at least, Britannia *may* be right.
Cease then to deal each other stalwart blows;—
Wipe, learned Pundit, thy sanguineous nose:
Sir Gilder, if in verse you tilt again,

Do strive to put more purpose in your strain
And, Pedes, learn that Virgil's work sublime;
Which you appeal to,—was *not* writ in *Rhyme.*

And now let every angry feeling cease,
Join hand in hand and kindly part in peace.
I grieve the learned Friar could not wait,
Lest he for Vespers should perhaps be late;—
But I perceive without him we are *eight;*
And were he here, that holy man would tell us,
" Nunc pede libero est pulsanda tellus."
Sound trumpets once again,—*this time* " the Lancers; "
Britannia and myself will both be dancers.
And when that's done, I hold t'would not be bad,
We sought our homesteads in a Galopade!
But first,—march past my throne, and, as you pass,
Salute me in the words of Hudibras!

They march past, saluting the Queen with

" Madam, we do, as is our duty,
" Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,"
And bow before the Queen of Beauty.

They dance the Lancers.—For want of Ladies the Pundit and Schoolmaster pair together,—and Pedes walks the figures with Sir Caledon. As they finally go off in the Gallop, the Friar looks at them from the window of his cell, and says: " BEATI PACIFICATORES. AMEN. "

NOTE.—The several portions of this little Epic, to which *initials* are appended, were really written by gentlemen whose initials they bear, at Ottawa, Quebec, or Montreal, without any understanding, collusion, or communication, except only of the portions preceeding theirs respectively.

IN MEMORIAM *TEMPORUM.*

Farewell dear *Times,* Bray's Vicar of the press,
But not, alas! with his renowned success.
He died a Vicar, *thou* by sad mishap,
Did'st die for lack of patronage and pap!—
Conservative, then Grit, and then again
Conservative, became thy pliant pen.—
But as thou died'st repentant of thy schism,
A very Magdalen of journalism,
We trust thou'st left non-paying work below,
For that good place where virtuous journals go.
I'd write thy *Requiescat,*—but I fear
That super-protestant religious sneer
Would call it "praying for the dead"—and hope
I had not *quite* gone over to the Pope;
And mix me up in that unseemly brawl,
Where Christian priests, unmindful of St. Paul
And of the poet's bitter couplet, * call
Each other ugly names, and each in turn
Inclines to think his brother priest *must* burn
Hereafter,—not remembering that of three
Great virtues, far the first is CHARITY.

How shall I miss thee at my morning meal,—
How at my noon-day lunch thine absence feel;
And how, when weary to my couch I creep,
Without thy *leaded leader* shall I sleep?

* "Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded
"That all the Apostles would have done as they did."—BYRON.

Resurgas;—may'st thou rise again and find
A larger patronage, more rich, more kind,
Perchance another name;—as Bytown died *
And rose as Ottawa, the crown and pride
Of the Dominion, so thy poet's rhymes
Vaticinate that thou as the "New Times,"
Shalt like a Phœnix rise, and by that name
Mount the very peak of wealth and fame!

W.

4th Session, 3rd Parliament, 40 Victoria, 1877.

SPECIAL NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

April 31st, 1877. | Mr. *Neutral Grey*—Leave to bring in the following Bill:—

An Act to amend some musty old laws,
Contained in some fusty old sayings and saws.

WHEREAS— Preamble. Hansard, 9th April, 1877

An ancient proverb, heretofore held right,
Declares *two* blacks can never make *one* white;
And as this saying has of late been spoiled
Of its old force, by party spirit's might;
As both sides handled pitch and were defiled,

---

* Being of a less diffusive turn than Ottawa's worthy Laureate Mr. Lett, I, some time ago summed up the pre-Ottawaite history of the city in this brief and alliterative—

Epitaph on Bytown.

"Bytown was built by By,—but by-and by—
Both By and Bytown died, so bye-bye By."

And the good Commons voted *one* was white,
The seventy-two rejoining, " Scriptures show — II. Kings, c. 5
Who left a Prophet's presence *white as snow.*"
As none decide where parties disagree,
Committees sticking fast at C. A. V.;
As law and practice should agree in one,
And nothing be required that cann't be done;
Her Majesty, considering the facts,
With Senate and with Commons thus enacts:—

1. When either party does a deed of shame, — Mutual Whitewash.
The other side may rightly do the same.

2. The *stoning* rule's reversed, and he alone — Stoning rule reversed.
Who's black himself shall cast the foremost stone.

3. The Independence Act is so amended, — 31 V., c. 25 amended.
That these provisions shall be with it blended.

4. May briefly cite this Act, whoever will, — Short Title.
By its short title of " *The Whitewash Bill.*"

Mr. *Verdant Green* will move in amendment, to strike out all the words after " enacts " to " blended " inclusive, and insert:—

All now offenders shall be pardoned when
This Act is law, and held as blameless men
And most immaculate Commoners; but then,
With this proviso, " Don't do so again."—

Mr. *Deep Black* will move in amendment to the amendment, to strike out " n't, " in the last line.

" Who can come in and say that I mean him,
When such a one as he, such is his neighbour,
Thinking that I mean *him*, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
—Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him:—if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself;— if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flees.
Unclaimed of any man. "

—SHAKESPEARE —*As You Like It; Act II. Sec. VII.*

THIRD PARLIAMENT—FOURTH SESSION.

Scene the Last.—The Coup d'État.

The members meet—the Speaker in the chair:
Æmilius holds a paper with the air
Of one who knows a thing or two; the House
Attentive sits; all quiet as a mouse:—
" Sir, our report on some election cases, "—
The members rise expectant in their places;
The Speaker takes it, hands it to the Clerk,
Who, standing up, reads half a line, when,—hark!
A knock! " Admit the messenger"—no more:
The mace is shouldered, and the session's o'er.
Sir John protesting, does not see the joke,
But his indignant protest ends in smoke,
When Monsieur Frenchman, smiling, cries " Ha! ha!
" *Cela s'appelle un fameux* COUP D'ETAT. "

OTTAWA CITIZEN of 4th May, 1887. A. P.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1878.

Toast and National Anthem.

THE QUEEN.

The Queen,—this day around the world
As westward rolls the sun,
The British flag shall float unfurl'd,
The British cheer shall run,
To her,—the great, the wise, the good,
The Sovereign of the free,—
Each true heart warmed by British blood
Vows deep fidelity.

In Her,—our glory and delight,
We own a right divine:
We'd pour our blood for her in fight,
We pledge her in our wine.
Then fill the goblet high,—to shrink
Were ungallant and mean,
As men we to the Lady drink,—
As Britons to the Queen.

The Queen,—beneath her gentle sway,
With equal rights and laws,
May all her subject truly say,
They own one common cause;
That cause the common good of all,
Who are and who have been
Ready alike to staud or fall
With England and the Queen.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.*

Our Governor General—long may he live.
From all and to all to receive and to give
All honor and pleasure, as here he hath given
To all, and from all hath received;—and tho' riven
The close tie that bound him to Canada,—yet
No time and no distance shall make us forget,
That the trust of his Sovereign was never abused,—
That his powers and his eloquence ever were used
For Canada's welfare,—her sons to unite
In love for their Country, their Queen,—and the right:—
When he goes, can we hope his successor will be
As able, as good and as genial as he?

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Our heart-winning Countess,—whose kindness and grace
We can never forget, nor can hope to replace,—
Our Queen of the drama, encouraging still
Our timid beginners with critical skill:
Our pattern in useful and womanly life,
In benevolent enterprize foremost and chief,
And,—to sum up her gifts and her virtues in brief,—
The Lady Lord Dufferin chose for his wife. †

* In allusion to Lord Dufferin's expected departure the following may be sung with the National Anthem:

God bless the Chief we lose,
Who, were it ours to choose,
Ne'er should go hence,
Who by strict honor nerved,
Never from duty swerved,
But still unfailing served
Country and Queen.

† Portia pleading to be admitted to the full confidence of her husband, says,—

"I grant I am a woman, but withal
"*A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.*"

As the best proof of her worth.

EPITAPH.

LUTHER H. HOLTON, M. P.

Here Holton lies, all earthly ties now riven
For him, his last speech made, his last vote given.
No more to rise to catch the Speaker's eye,
For timely motion or for keen reply;
With gentle words to calm the fierce debate,
Or check the virulence of party hate.—
He sleeps where party feuds and quarrels cease,
And even politicians rest in peace.
—Scorning with promise false the mob to bribe,
Or yield to influence of the lobbying tribe,
By no mean thought of private ends perplexed,
He served his country first,—his party next.
Remaining to the last as he began,
At once a statesman and an honest man:
To sum his sterling worth in one brief line,
And honest truth with well earned praise combine,
The Spartan epitaph reversed must be;—
His country had few worthier sons than he.

SOMETHING FOR ESTHER'S ALBUM.

There was an Esther who so won the love
Of Persia's King, that she was made his Queen:
To her he held his golden sceptre out,
Granted her prayer, recalled his hard decree,
And saved her people from impending death.
—It is not given to all to wear a crown,
Or save a people by one earnest prayer;
But God respects not persons,—all may win

His love by duty done in any sphere,
Lofty or humble:—may our Esther strive
To do her duty to, and so to pray,
That *He* the golden sceptre of his love
May hold out to her and accept her prayer.

SOMETHING FOR MAUDE'S ALBUM.

Something original, dear Maude, you ask,
Something that's *new*,—for me a hopeless task.
Solomon thought that since the world begun
No new thing could be found beneath the Sun.
Though thousands of big volumes had been penned,
And of book making there appeared no end.
How then can I, a modest modern bard
Attempt to do what David's son' found hard;
When myriads more have plied the writing trade,
And millions more of volumes have been made.
The thing's *too* hard, however you may view it,
For me a miracle, and I can't do it,
Tho' your good father might be equal to it.
So now, for honeyed rhymes a beau might write,
Or lines a learned pundit might indite,
Instead of Verse keen critics might applaud,
Take the best wishes of your old friend, Maude;
May all that's good conspire to make you blest,
The world give what it can and God the rest.

LEAP YEAR VALENTINE.

A YOUNG LADY TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Dear Bashful, it's leap year you know,
And a girl has a right to propose
To the man whom she likes as a Beau,
And could love as a mate,—So here goes.

Will you love me till death us do part?—
Will you take me for better or worse?
Will you give me your hand and your heart?
—Not to speak of your house and your purse.

I should make you an excellent wife,—
I have very few failings or faults;
In Charades I can act to the life,
And am great at a Galop or Waltz.

I have solid accomplishments too,
(I could tell you them better in prose)
But I'm good at a pudding or stew,
And could care for the children and clothes.

I shall be at (*that*) party to-night;
If you tip on a nod or a wink
Or whisper me softly "all's right!
I shall know what to do and to think.

Don't be modest and silly or coy.—
Don't be blushing and that sort of thing;
But say "yes" like a jolly good boy,
And go for the licence and ring.

Then I'm yours my dear B. till I die ;—
I may not trust my name to my pen,
But its first letter sounds like a sigh,
And its finishing letter's an N.
(*Or as the case may be*)

14th Febr. 188—

SOMETHING ABOUT RAG MONEY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR .

SIR—By a very clever little vignette and article in the *Grip*, I saw that the nurses in charge of the Rag Baby will not allow that their little bantling is dead, and that nurse Wynne slaps any one's face very hard who says it is even sick. And by another equally clever vignette and article, I saw that certain "unco' righteous" clericos have put the "Pinafore" into their *Index Expurgatorius* and under their *anathema majus*. I read these items after dinner, and pondering over them I got bewildered in that curious circular syllogism by which the Baby's nurses prove to their own satisfaction that they remove all objections and endow the Baby with untold virtues, by making their *irredeemables* exchangeable for *Bonds* payable principal and interest in *like notes*, or to be "*sold*" (they do not say to whom or at what discount) for gold to pay any foreign creditor ; and, being puzzled over the theological and financial problems growing out of Mr. Grip's two articles, I fell into an "after dinner sleep" in which things got considerably muddled. Burns whispered in my ear his version of Solomon :—

"The rigid righteous is ae fule,
The rigid wise anither,"

and Tom Moore sang about the way in which the Regent was responsibly advised to supply the want of gold and silver fishes

in a mimic rivulet which was to run down the middle of the table at a right Royal *fête*:—

> "Some sprats had been by Yarmouth's wish
> Promoted into silver fish,
> And *gudgeons*, so Vansittart told
> The Regent, were as good as gold."

And then I fancied myself at a representation of the "Pinafore," and Little Buttercup "mixed up' the Rag-Baby with the others, and she and Captain Corcoran sang the famous duet in which she mystifies him, as the R. B.'s nurses would the public, in this wise:

L B.—"Things are seldom what they seem;
Some soft-headed members deem
Rags as good as sterling gold,
Being so by Wallace told."

Capt. C.— "Very true,—so they do,"

L. B.—"Bursts the bubble, stops the mill.
Rags go nearly down to *nil;*
Call the Baby what you will,
It is but a swindle still?"

Capt. C.— "Yes, I know,—that is so."

The loud chord at the end of this verse woke me up, and thinking over my dream, I came to the conclusion that Vansittart was perhaps right, and that for certain political, financial and theological purposes—

"Gudgeons *are* as good as gold."

But it occured also to me, that perhaps our bank-law reformers are for amending in the wrong place, when they make the security of the bank note their main object. There has been very little, if any, eventual loss on the notes of failing banks. The losses have fallen mainly on the shareholders, and have been occasioned by defaulting and unfaithful or negligent officers or directors, and for these, a higher standard of morality, a

sterner sense of duty, and a strong public opinion, are the best, if not the only remedies.

> " You yourself have said it,
> And it's greatly to your credit,"

that you have done so.

Yours with profound respect,

Anti-Rag.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER AND THE CIVIL CODE.

Canada Law Journal, 1 April, 1885.

We have been reminded pleasantly, but a little reproachfully, that our columns have never contained a tribute to the memory of the late Sir George Cartier, an eminent statesman and lawyer, under whose auspices, as Attorney-General for Lower Canada, the Civil Code of that Province—the first work of the kind ever attempted in Canada—was projected, drafted, and brought into force as law in 1866. A lawyer who loved his profession and its professors, and its supporters too, for his favourite toast at a Bar dinner was " The Client, " adding a few words in praise of that always welcome personage. We are going to try to remedy this omission in our present number by the insertion of two articles, the first by a hand which will not be suspected of flattery, and the other by an old and valued contributor of ours, a lover of our deceased brother in the law, the most English of French Canadians,—an Englishman speaking French.

The first extract, taken from a recent issue of *The Week*, is as follows:—

Sir George Cartier, whose statue was unveiled the other day by his old friend and colleague Sir John Macdonald, may be classed among the best representative French Canadians More perhaps than any other of our public men he combined in his own person the theoretical and the practical Reformer. In his carreer were seen strong marks of the rude transition from the oligarchical to the constitutional system. Against the former at an age when the blood is hot and wisdom young he fought at St. Denis, where dicipline prevailed over ill-armed enthusiasm; and he found refuge in exile with a price upon his head. The belief was for some time general, that in his attempt to escape he had perished miserably in the woods. Exile did not sour his temper, and when, the storm having blown over, he returned, no one was jealous of the undistinguished young advocate, who was only known for the hair-brained adventure in which he had taken part, and in which nothing but defeat had ever been possible; and no one in his wildest dreams saw in the returned exile the future Premier, no one had any interest in curbing his ambition and holding him back. Cartier did not, like Papineau, in 1848, look to France for a model; he accepted in good faith the new Constitution, and determined to make the best of it. The redeeming point in the Conquest of 1760 was, in his estimation, that it saved Canada from the misery and the infamies of the French Revolution. Though he bore his part in carrying the leading measures of his time, Cartier's best monument is to found in the Code of Civil Law and the Code of Procedure: a code common to the whole country was an achievement impossible to our public men. In the first he saw the individuality and the nationality of his race and his Province. He used to say, half in jest and half in earnest, though he could not seriously have believed the prediction, that Ontario would one day borrow the civil code from her French neighbour. A French-speaking Englishman, as he would on occasion call himself, he settled in favour of his race the long-contested question of which law should prevail in the Eastern Townships, French or English, with the result that the French population which was before gaining ground, bids fair entirely to swamp the English in a region where Lord John Russell thought it desirable to build up a rampart of English colonists between the French settlements and the American frontier: a project founded on a state of things which has entirely passed away. Judicial decentralization in Quebec was one of Cartier's most difficult achievements; the local opposition aroused by divi-

ding the Province into nineteen new judicial districts being of the most formidable nature. When in 1857 he succeeded Dr. Taché as leader of the Conservatives of Lower Canada, Cartier breaking through the narrow limits of party, took two Liberals, M. Sicotte and M. Belleau, into the Cabinet, and made ouvertures to M. Dorion which the Liberal Chief was not able to accept. On the Lysons Militia Bill his immediate followers, yielding to vague fears among their constituents of the conscription, not less than the great increase of expense, deserted in numbers, leaving him with only a small minority at his back. A good Catholic, he had yet the courage to defend the rights of the State against the encroachments of Bishop Bourget, at a time when the Bishop's influence was omnipotent; an act of duty which cost him his seat for Montreal. He saw the beginning and the end of the Legislative Union which he cordially accepted and assisted in working, and which when its had served its purpose he was among the first to assist in superseding by the Confederation. Whatever success he attained was due in a large measure to hard labour and perseverance; for the first fifteen years of his public life he was, when not disturbed, as he was often, chained to his desk, fifteen hours a day; and for thirty years fancied that to get though his task he must labour seven days a week.

The other article appeared as a letter in an Ottawa paper some weeks since:—

Two Ministers, who had been his colleagues and knew him well, spoke at the unveiling of the statue of the late Sir George Cartier, and eloquently and lovingly eulogized his qualities as a stateman and the great services he rendered to our country; and he deserved their praise, for no man ever worked more earnestly and impartially for the welfare of Canada and of Canadians of every race and creed. Here in Ottawa he will be long remembered for his kindly geniality; and very many of our citizens and visitors will recollect the pleasent evenings at his house on Metcalfe street, when arranging his guests in make-believe canoes, with make-believe paddles in their hands, he would sing and make them join in his favourite boat song, with the *refrain* of which Sir John, in concluding his speech, so happily apostrophised his old friend and colleague. I feel sure that they, and all who knew Sir George, will join Sir John in saying from thir hearts as I do —

"Il a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Not through the statue which his country's love
Hath to his honour raised, but through the deeds
And qualities which won that love, shall he,
The patriot whom we mourn, forever live
In true Canadian hearts of every race.
And chiefly through his strong and steadfast will
That difference of race, or creed or tongue,
Should not divide Canadians, but that all
Should be one people striving for one end,
The common good of all. His country stretched
From Louisbourg to far Vancouver's Isle,
And claimed and had his patriot love and care.
And thus he we won a high and honoured place
Among the worthiest of his name and race.

G. W. W.

LA STATUE DE CARTIER

Voyez, dans ce bronze fidèle,
Fait pour triompher des autans,
Celui qui servait de modèle
Aux patriotes de son temps !
Il reparait, superbe dans sa force,
Dressant un front qui n'a jamais plié.
Cœur généreux, " chêne à la rude écorce, "
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié !

Venu de l'époque lointaine
Où l'intrigue opprimait le droit,
Cet héritier de Lafontaine
Nous affranchit d'un joug étroit.
Grand ouvrier dans la tâche commune,
Avec ardeur il a sacrifié
Santé, repos, et bonheur et fortune.
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié !

Le souci de la politique
N'altèra jamais sa gaîté,
Souvent la verve poétique
Chez lui brillait en liberté.
Et, bout en train, type de Jean-Baptiste,
Comme il chantait l'amour et l'amitié !
L'humble couplet nous révèle un artiste.
Le Canadien ne l'a oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié !

CARTIER'S STATUE.

Here in enduring bronze
Proof against time and storm,
Stands he, " the mark and glass "
Of patriots of his time!
A head to frame his country's laws,
A brow that never blanched with fear,
A generous man,—a " rough barked oak. "
Whom Canada has not forgot!
Will not forget!

Born in that long past time
When intrigue baffled right;
True heir of Lafontaine
He broke our galling yoke.
Brave toiler for the common good,
Without regret he sacrificed
Health, pleasure, fortune, rest.
Him Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

The wearing cares of state
Checked not his gaiety;
His pleasant strains of verse
Flowed often bright and free.
And once set off, true type of Jean-Baptiste,
How well he sang of love and friendship's charm;
His modest rhymes the artist's skill reveal,
Whom Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

Près des souvenirs que j'honore,
Son image est dans ma maison ;
Il convient d'applaudir encore
Son esprit ferme et sa raison.
A la jeunesse il enseigne l'histoire,
Car son destin fut le plus envié.
Nous l'avons mis au temple de mémoire.
Le Canadien ne l'a pas oublié,
Ne l'a pas oublié,

BENJAMIN SULTE.

OTTAWA, Janvier 1885.

' Mid treasures highest prized,
His portrait decks my home ;
Good is it that we love to praise
His steadfast will, by reason ruled.
His story teaches virtue to our youth,
For his the path that all should strive to tread :
In memory's temple still he lives enshrined.
Him Canada has not forgot,
Will not forget!

G. W. W.

FORS L'HONNEUR.

C'est par un soir humide et triste de l'automne.
Dans les plis du brouillard, la plainte monotone
Du St.-Laurent se mêle aux murmures confus
Des chênes et des pins dont les dômes touffus
Couronnent les hauteurs de l'île Sainte-Hélène.
Au loin tout est lugubre; on sent comme une haleine
De mort flotter partout dans l'air froid de la nuit.
Au zénith nuageux pas un astre ne luit.
Tout devrait reposer; pourtant, sur l'île sombre,
A certaines lueurs qui se meuvent dans l'ombre,
On croirait entrevoir, vaguement dessinés,
—Groupes mystérieux partout disséminés,
Et se serrant la main avec des airs funèbres,—
Comme des spectres noirs rôder dans les ténèbres.

Tout à coup, sur le fond estompé des massifs,
Et teignant d'or le fût des vieux ormes pensifs,
Dans les pétillements attisés par la brise,
Et les craquements sourds du bois sec qui se brise,
Eclatent les rougeurs d'un immense brasier
Prenant pour piédestal l'affut d'un obusier;
Un homme, au même instant, domine la clairière;
A son aspect, un bruit de fanfare guerrière
Retentit; du tambour les lointains roulements
Se confondent avec les brefs commandements
Qui prompts et saccadés, se croisent dans l'espace.
Place! c'est la rumeur d'un bataillon qui passe.
Un autre bataillon le suit, et, tour à tour,
On voit les régiments former leurs rangs autour
Du rougeoyant brasier dont les lueurs troublantes
Eclairent vaguement ces masses ambulantes,
A chaque baïonnette allumant un éclair.

ALL LOST BUT HONOUR.

Wet, dark and sad comes on the autumn night;
Through the thick mist the river's murmuring sound
Blends with the rustling of the oaks and pines
Crowning St. Helen's Isle; and far and near
The landscape saddens, and the heavy air
In the chill night feels as if charged with death.
No star the zenith brightens, and o'er all
Quiet should reign: but on the sombre Isle
Faint, wavering lights that flicker in the dark,
Make dimly visible mysterious groups
Scattered around with clasped hands as if
Black spectres moved about in darkness there.

Sudden against the back ground of thick woods,
And tipping as with gold the pendent elms,
Amid the rustling sound of rising wind
And crackling as of dry wood breaking up,
Burst forth bright flames as from a furnace based
Upon the broad black carriage of a gun:
A man stands forth and dominates the scene,
On whose appearing warlike sounds are heard;
The distant roll of drums blends with the brief
Prompt, sharp command;—Make room!—They come,
Battalions followed by battalions pass;
Each following each the regiments surround
The glowing furnace whose bright flames illume
The moving mass, until each bayonet seems
To bear the lightning's flash upon its point.

Alors, couvrant le bruit, un timbre mâle et clair,
Où vibre je ne sais quel tremblement farouche,
Résonne, et répétés tout bas de bouche en bouche,
Parmi les cliquetis, les clameurs et le vent,
Laisse tomber ces mots :—
—Les drapeaux en avant !
Arrêtons-nous devant devant cette page d'histoire.

*

Nos conquérants étaient maîtres du territoire.
Cerné dans Montréal, le marquis de Vaudreuil,
Après plus de sept ans de luttes et de deuil,
Après plus de sept ans de gloire et de souffrance,
Ne voyant arriver aucun secours de France,
Le désespoir au cœur, avait capitulé.
L'orgueilleux ennemi même avait stipulé,
—La rougeur à ma joue, hélas ! en monte encore,—
Que le lendemain même, au lever de l'aurore,
Nos défenseurs, parqués comme de vils troupeaux,
Au général anglais remettraient leurs drapeaux.
Leurs drapeaux !...
Ces drapeaux dont le pli fier et libre
Durant un siècle avait soutenu l'équilibre
Contre le monde entier, sur tout un continent !
Ces drapeaux dont le vol encore tout frissonnant
Du choc prodigieux des grands tournois épiques,
Cent ans avait jeté, des pôles aux tropiques,
Son ombre glorieuse au front des bataillons !
Ces drapeaux dont chacun des sublimes haillons,
Noir de poudre, rougi de sang, couvert de gloire,
Cachait dans ses lambeaux quelque nom de victoire !
Ces étandards poudreux qui naguère, là-bas,
Sous les murs de Québec, avaient de cent combats
Couronné le dernier d'un triomphe suprême !
Ces insignes sacrés, il fallait, le soir même,

Then rises o'er the tumult clear and stern
A voice that all obey, and the command
From mouth to mouth repeated, sounds above
The clamour of the crowd and roar of wind :—

" The colours to the Front ! "—

Here let us pause

And briefly scan a page of history.

*

Our conquerors were masters of the ground ;—
Close pent in Montreal, the brave Vaudreuil,
After seven years of glory and of suffering,
Seeing no hope of succour sent by France,
Heart-broken by despair, capitulated ;
And the proud enemy had stipulated,
(Shame makes my cheek burn while I mention it)
That on the following morn, at break of day,
Our brave defenders, penned like timid sheep,
Should into English hands deliver up
Their colours—colours whose folds proud and free,
Had for a century held their own against
A world in arms, throughout a continent !
Whose onward sweep, still bearing the impress
Of the great epic contests of the past,
During a hundred years, from pole to line,
Bore them in front of conquering battalions ;
And upon every glorious rag of which,
Blackened by powder, red with blood, was stamped
The proud memorial of some victory !
Those colours, battle-stained, which at Quebec
Had left the latest of a hundred fights
Triumphantly,—to them there must be said

Leur faire pour toujours d'humiliants adieux !
Indigné, révolté par ce pacte odieux,
Lévis, ce dernier preux de la grande épopée,
Le regard menaçant, la main sur son épée,
S'était levé soudain, et sans long argument,
Contre l'insulte avait protesté fièrement.
Vingt mille Anglais sont là qui campent dans la plaine,
Lui n'a plus qu'un débris d'armée à Sainte Hélène :
N'importe ! les soldats français ont su jadis
Plus d'une fois combattre et vaincre un contre dix !
La France, indifférente, au sort nous abandonne :
N'importe encore ! on meurt quand le devoir l'ordonne !
Il veut, sans compromis, résister jusqu'au bout.
Il se retirera dans l'île, et là, debout
A son poste, en héros luttera sans relâche.

—Dans mes rangs, disait-il, il n'est pas un seul lâche !
Ne prêtez pas la main à ce honteux marché ;
Je puis, huit jours au moins, dans mon camp retranché,
Avec mes bataillons tenir tête à l'orage ;
Et si la France encor, trompant notre courage,
Refuse d'ici là le secours imploré,
Dans un combat fatal, sanglant, désespéré,
Tragique dénoûment d'une antique querelle,
Nous saurons lui montrer comment on meurt pour elle !

Vaudreuil signa pourtant. Refuser d'obéir,
C'était plus que de braver la mort, c'était trahir.
—Trahir ! avait pensé le guerrier sans reproche...

Et c'est lui, qui dans l'ombre, avant que l'aube approche,
A ses soldats émus, dans la nuit se mouvant,
Avait jeté ce cri ;—Les drapeaux en avant !
Allait-il les livrer ? Allait-il, à la face

That night, with shame and grief a last adieu!
Indignant at the odious compromise,
Lévis, the truest knight of that dark time,
Fire in his eyes, his hand upon his sword,
Rose sudden, and without long argument
Against the insult proudly made protest.
Upon the plain were twenty thousand foes
Encamped;—the ruins of an army all
He had upon St. Helen's Isle;--no matter,--
Soldiers of France had often fought before
With ten to one against them,--and had won.
If France uncaring leaves us to our fate,
No matter still,—We die when duty cails.
His voice was for resistance to the death:
Withdrawing to the Island, there would he
Stand firm and fight, a hero to the last.

"Within my ranks no coward can be found!
"Yield not one jot to this contract of shame.
"I can, eight days at least, in camp entrenched
"With my brave comrades stand against the storm;
"And then, if France deceiving our fond hope,
"Still fails to send the succour we implore,
"In one great battle, bloody, desperate,
"The tragic closing of an ancient feud,
"We'll show her we know how to die for her."

Yet Vaudreuil signed. Refusal to obey
Were worse than death—were treason to his chief;
So thought our warrier irreproachable,—

And in the dark hours that precede the dawn,
He to his soldiers stirring in the night
Gave that command,—"The colours to the front!"
To give them up? Would he before the eyes

De ses vieux compagnons—honte que rien n'efface—
Souiller son écusson d'un opprobre éternel ?
On attendait navré le moment solennel.
Lévis s'avance alors. Dans son œil énergique,
Où le feu du brasier met un reflet tragique,
Malgré son calme, on sent trembler un pleur brûlant.
Vers les drapeaux en deuil l'homme marche à pas lent,
Et, pendant que la main de l'histoire burine,
Lui, les deux bras croisés sur sa vaste poitrine,
Devant ces fiers lambeaux où tant de gloire a lui,
Longtemps et fixement regarde devant lui.
Dans le fond de son cœur il évoquait sans doute,
Tous les morts généreux oubliés sur la route,
Où, le pli tout baigné de reflets éclatants,
Ces guidons glorieux marchaient depuis cent ans.
Enfin, comme s'il eut entendu leur réponse,
Pendant que son genou dans le gazon s'enfonce,
Refoulant ses sanglots, dévorant son affront,
Sur les fleurs de lys d'or il incline son front,
Et dans l'émotion d'une étreinte dernière,
De longs baisers d'adieu couvre chaque bannière...

—Et maintenant, dit-il, mes enfants, brûlez-les,
Avant qu'une autre main ne les livre aux Anglais !

Alors, spectacle étrange et sublime, la foule,
Ondulant tout à coup comme une vaste houle,
S'agenouille en silence ; et solennellement,
Dans le bucher sacré, qui sur le firmament,
Avec des sifflements rauques comme des râles,
Détache en tourbillons ses sanglantes spirales,
Parmi les flamboiements d'étincelles, parmi
Un flot de cendre en feu par la braise vomi,
Sous les yeux du héros grave comme un apôtre,

Of his old comrades, work such deed of shame?
Soil his escutcheon with so foul a blot?
Heart-broken they await the dreaded word.
Lévis comes forward; in his kindling eye
Reflecting the fierce blaze, his soldiers see,
Despite his calm, a scalding tear;—towards
The colours draped in black, with a slow step
He marches, and while History's muse records
His act, he with his arms crossed on his breast,
Fronting the colours with such glory crown'd,
Stands looking on them long and fixedly.
His thought, no doubt, invokes th'heroic dead
Left on the fields, where, throwing back the light
From off their ample folds, those glorious guides
Were borne before them for a hundred years.
And then, as if their answer he had heard,—
Kneeling upon the turf, stifling his sobs,
And striving to control his mighty grief,
He bows upon the golden fleurs de lys,
And in the agony of a last embrace
Covers each flag with kisses of farewell.

"Now burn them, boys, before another hand
Can give them up unto our English foes."

Then, sight sublime and strange, like a vast wave
Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
And solemnly into the sacred fire,
Which, amid sounds as of death rattle, shot
Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
Into the firmament,—amid the rush
Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,

Chaque drapeau français tomba l'un après l'autre!

Quelques crépitements de plus, et ce fut tout.

Alors, de Montréal, de Longueuil, de partout,
Les postes ennemis crurent, dans la rafale,
Entendre une clameur immense et triomphale :
C'étaient les fiers vaincus qui, tout espoir détruit,
Criaient : *Vive la France !* aux échos de la nuit.

O Lévis ! ô soldats de cette sombre guerre !
Si vous avez pu voir les hontes de naguère,
Que n'êtes vous soudain sortis de vos tombeaux,
Et, vengeurs, secouant les augustes lambeaux
De vos drapeaux en feu, dans votre sainte haine,
Venus en cravacher la face de Bazaine !

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

Montreal, avril 1884.

La Patrie, 24 juin 1884.

The colours he had loved so long and well!

Some few slight cracklings more, and all was done!

From Montreal, Longueuil, and every point
The hostile posts believed that in the storm
They heard loud sounds of Triumph; 'twas the shout
Of the proud vanquished, who in their despair
Cried to night's answering echoes, "Vive la France!"

O Lévis! O brave men of that sad war!
If you beheld the shame of later days,
Why did you not, arising from your tombs
And wielding vengefully the sacred shreds
Of burning flags, in consecrated hate,
Smite the dishonoured face of false Bazaine!

G. W. Wicksteed.

Ottawa, June, 1884.

Montreal Gazette, 19 July, 1884.

VICTORIA, R.

1837. JUBILATE. 1887.

God save the Queen!—From millions of true hearts
And loyal lips rings out the patriot hymn,
Throughout the widest Empire earth has known:—
For she, descendant of a Royal line,
Holding her crown by strictest rule of law,
Hath yet a better title,—royal worth,
And that divinest right—her people's love.—

And God hath heard the prayer:—no fifty years
In England's history match this glorious reign:
Her laws, her language, her true liberty,
Spurning the tyranny of king or mob,
Helping the right and battling with the wrong,
Her hardy sons have planted in far lands
Savage and wild and waste before, and there
Have founded colonies which shall become
The seats of mighty Empire yet to be;—
In the unbounded West of Canada,
Where the red Indian roamed the prairie wide,
Or dense and pathless woods, and tribe with tribe
Waged savage, unrelenting murderous war;—
Or in Australia's semi-continent;
Or in dark Africa by Congo's stream
Or new found sources of the ancient Nile;—
Or whereso'er adventurous daring led,
Or tempting prospect of extended trade,
Or Christian love could hope to plant the cross.

The "gorgeous East" has bowed to British rule,
And her barbaric kings and potentates
Have hailed Victoria's benignant sway

And crowned her India's Empress—British men
With gentle art have taught the dusky race
By bright example how our juster laws
And kindlier customs, raise the human soul
To loftier virtue and a nobler life.

Science and art and careful statesmanship
Have joined to glorify Victoria's reign,
And spread her Empire. Britain's pioneer
In his lone hut amid the wildest scenes
Of Asia or Afric, feels his lot
Softened and smoothed by rapid intercourse
With loved and loving friends in distant home,
By letter or by message lightning borne,
Putting " a girdle round about the world, "
Swifter than Ariel's flight could compass it ;—
Or picture traced without a painter's hand
And true as painter's skill hath ever made :
And yeth within the exile's slender means,
And travelling safely in a letter's folds ;
Drawn by God's purest agent holy light,
Which to the eye of science hath unveiled
The mystery of the universe,—one law
Pervading all creation, yet combined
With infinite diversity of form,
Beauty and life and happiness, and all
The infinite variety of good.—

These are the triumphs of her reign, to these
She gave all kind encouragement and aid,
Assisting and assisted by the man
" Bearing the white flower of a blameless life "
She chose as consort of her life and throne.
The glory of a virtuous life, is hers,—
Her duty done as daughter, wife and mother,—

Her court, the home of purity and honour,
Her faithful truth to him she loved and lost,
Her life devotion to her people's good,
And true observance of her sacred vow
To rule in strict conformity to law.—
Defender of the faith, she held it right
To act as christian faith enjoined,—and kept
Her coronation oath inviolate.

And therefore,—Canada, which from her hand
Received self government in freeest form,
And Ottawa to which she gave the palm,
As the Queen city of this fair Dominion ;—
With Loyal hearts of every race or creed,
Within her Empire's wide circumference,
Join in the patriot prayer,—God save the Queen.

G. W. Wicksteed.

Ottawa, 21 June, 1887.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Editor of THE CITIZEN,

SIR—When I was a young man (in 1878) I ventured to write a National Anthem for Canada. Though there were plenty of a very pretty songs about "Canada First" and woods and lakes and maple leaves and beavers, I thought they wanted concentration, and were not *singable* to any tune the people knew. Lord Dufferin was pleased to call my anthem "excellent": Sir John said he wished it could be sung in every Canadian home; and Lord Lorne and Sir George thoroughly shared my wish for cordial amity among Canadians of every race and creed. I should be glad to see it, with its little addendum, in THE CITIZEN when our city keeps its double holiday in honour of the Queen's Jubilee and the Birthday of our Dominion. If I were an M. P. and an orator, I would conjure Canadians of all our nationalities.—

By Erin's Harp and Shamrock green,—
By bonnie Scotland's Tartan sheen,—
By England's Rose.—by Britain's Queen,—
By the red cross their fathers bore
To victory on every shore.—
By Gallia's glorious tricolor;—

to join heartily in the prayer with which I conclude. There must be parties, I suppose, and they must fight over the loaves and fishes; and when the fight is done.

"And they who win at length divide the prey," (*Corsair.*)

there may be some mild differences of opinion among the winners as to their respective shares, and the manner in which the said prey can be best divided—for the advantage of the country. But all parties agree that the Yankees must not have the "fishes," without a fair compensation, in which all Canadians shall have an equal share.

THE ANTHEM.

1867 JUBILATE ET AMATE CANADENSES. 1887

God save the land we love,
Shower blessings from above
On Canada:

Let her fair fame extend,
Her progress never end,
In her two nations blend,
Britain and France.

Each has a glorious name
High on the roll of Fame;—
NOBLESSE OBLIGE:—

May we be noble too,
Nobly to think and do,
All to each other true,
And to our Queen.

Fast joined in heart and hand,
Proud of their goodly land,
And of their Sires,—

Let all Canadians then,
Gaul, Gael, or British men,
Sing, with a loud Amen,

God save the Queen.
Vive la Reine.
Dhia sabhoil a Banrigh.
AMEN.

"And thus shall, Canada, which from her hand
Received self government in freest form,
And Ottawa to which she gave the palm,
As the Queen city of this fair Dominion;—
With loyal hearts of every race or creed,
With her Empire's wide circumference,
Join in the patriot prayer,—God save the Queen."

Ottawa, 1st July, 1887.

G. W. Wicksteed.

Note.—"I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians, *or Nationalities*, to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

The words in Italics are mine, the rest are those of the Revd. Rowland Hill; and very goods words they are.

G. W. W.

NOTES.

Apology.—Page viii.

Some of my readers may not know the short poem in question or its tragic sequel :—The words are

"When taken, to be well shaken."

The attendant, not having gradnated under Miss Nightingale, applies them to the patient instead of to the physic. The Doctor inquires after the effect of his prescription and learns the fact; the consequence is dramatically told in the following dialogue :

What ! shake a patient, man ;—a shake won't do.
—No, Sir, and so we gave him two.—
Two shakes,—Odd's curse.
'Twould make a patient worse !
It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried.
Well, and what then ?—Then, Sir, my master died

The poem was short and clear; but the clearest and best writings are liable to misinterpretation. Think of Galileo, and the authority adduced for bishop-burning and the Inquisition. Even my Waifs might be misinterpreted, but for the great intelligence and kindness of my readers.

"Thou England art my Country and my Home."—Page 10.

This was written fifty-seven years ago. Since then I have been constantly resident in this Country, and have learned "not to love England less, but to love Canada more." I married in Canada, and my children are Canadians by birth. I was born at Liverpool, in December, 1799. My father was a member of the Cheshire and Shropshire family of our name. My mother of a Lancashire family, by name Tatlock. I came to Canada, in 1821, on the invitation of my uncle, Mr. Fletcher, who was soon afterwards appointed Judge of the then new District of St. Francis, and remained so for 22 years,

until his decease in 1844. I had studies mechanical engineering in England, and was for some time employed in work connected with that profession. The *gout du premier métier* is not quite extinguished in me, and I still take great interest in engineering matters. But in 1825 I commenced the study of the law under the late Col Gugy, to whose family I had been introduced in 1821, by the late Mr. Andrew Stuart. In the fall of 1828, I entered the service of the Legislative Assembly of L. C as Assistant Law Clerk, Mr. Wilian, Col. Gugy's brother-in-law, b·ing my principal. He was afterwards made Clerk of the Crown and Peace, and Mr. William Green became my chief: he died of cholera in 1832, and was succeeded by the Honble. Hugues Heney, who eventually got into trouble with the House, *by becoming an Executive Councillor*, and was removed; the late Mr. Etienne Parent was appointed in his stead, but never acted;—the times of trouble came on, the Constitution was suspended, and the Special Council for L. C. constituted: and after some time I became one of its officers under the Attorney-General, Mr. Ogden. In 1841, on the motion of Mr. John Neilson, I was appointed Law Clerk and Chief English Translator to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada:—and in 1867 to the same office in the House of Commons of Canada, and I hold it still. In 1841 I was appointed with the Honble. Mr. Heney and Mr. A. Buchanan, a Commissionner for revising the Statutes and Ordinances of Lower Canada, with the present Mr. Justice Johnson for our Secretary. In 1854 His Excellency the Earl of Elgiu gave me my silk gown. In 1856 I was appointed with Sir J. B. Macauly, Ex. C. J., and five other gentlemen from Upper Canada, and Messrs. A. Polette, R. MacKay A. Stuart and T. J. J. Loranger, (all now Judges,) and Mr. Geo. De Boucherville, (now Clerk of the Legislative Council,) from Lower Canada, a Commissionner to "examine, revise, consolidate and classify" the Public General Statutes of Canada. The Upper Canada Commissioners undertook the Statutes affecting their Province, and the Lower Canada those affecting theirs, all the Commissioners undertaking those affecting the whole of Canada. The three Volumes were reported to the Legislature in 1859 and 1860, examined and passed, the Governor being authorized to cause the Statutes of the Session to be incorporated with the work of the Commissioners; which was done for Upper Canada by the Hon. Sir James Macauly, one of the Commissioners,—for Lower Canada by me,—and for all Canada by Sir James and me jointly In 1864–5 I was a Commissioner with Ex-Chancellor Blake and Mr. Justice Day for fixfng the remuneration to be paid by the Government to the several Railway Companies for the carriage of the Mails. These Commissions were official or professional. In Lower

Canada I had been one of the Commissioners for building the Parliament House at Quebec, and for divers other public works. On the death of Mr. Lindsay, Senior, Sir Geo. Cartier offered me the Clerkship of the Legislative Assembly, but told me the Government would prefer my remaining in my then position, which he considered at least as important. He promised that it should be made equally good in rank and emolument; and it was made so accordingly. I have been twice married in Canada, first to the second daughter of John Gray, first President of the Bank of Montreal, and secondly to the eldest daughter of Captain John Fletcher of H. M. 72nd Regiment, then an officer of H. M. Imperial Customs at Quebec: and I have been a householder in each of the five Cities which have been the Seats of Government. I think, therefore, that I may now fairly call myself a Canadian, without ceasing to remember that I am English born. I write this brief memoir for the information of my children and my younger or newer friends.

The Fancy Ball at Rideau.—Page 48.

The little article on Lord Dufferin's Ball is out of place as to date, but its subject is so cognate to the *Fancy* Ball in the Parliament House at Quebec that the anachronism may be pardoned. The *Fancy* singers at the Quebec Ball were all officers of the Lower Town Volunteers. Lord Gosford was himself the most good-natured and jolliest of Governors and of hosts.

The "Inconstants."—Page 59.

H. M. S. "*Inconstant*" was really the loveliest vessel of the twelve; and though the officers of all the ships were, as sailor officers always are, high in favor with the ladies, yet somehow the "Inconstants" stood first. Possibly there was a charm in the name.

Quebec Transcript.—Pages 69 and 76.

The Transcript was a very nice little literary paper edited by my friend Mrs. Grant, of the "Stray Leaves," and her sister, (the M. K. of page 78,) and printed by Mr. T. Donoghue, their brother; but it was before the age and died young, as things fair and fragile will do.

Page 74.

"The Lord of high pretence" was of course Lord Durham, who kindly commuted the sentence of some of the rebels, and sent them to Bermuda, where of course they were released on *habeas corpus*, and the Lord was called over the coals in Parliament. "Good Sir John" was Sir John Colborne who put down the rebellion with a firm but merciful hand.

Pag 93.

The Hon. John Neilson, to whose memory I have here paid the tribute of a few lines, was the first Editor of a Canadian newspaper in English, dating I think from 1769. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the French Canadians, and represented the County of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly until he opposed the 92 resolutions and the violent measures then resorted to, and lost his election; but he was again restored to favor and elected to the Parliament of United Canada in 1841, a sobered man as to some of his former opinions, but a true patriot and a firm supporter of free institutions. He was ever my good friend. I have put into the mouths of others what I myself felt on losing him, but I know that they felt as I did.

"Her sons have abandoned their errors and shame." —Page 98,

After Lord Elgin gave the Royal Assent to the *Rebellion Losses Bill*, and the consequent burning of the Parliament House, the annexation feeling became very strong in Montreal, even among the formerly most loyal citizens, and the removal of the Seat of Government did not tend to allay it. It died out gradually, and is now extinct in Montreal as in the rest of Canada.

Page 100.

I have referred to this little squib in my "Apology" The Seigniorial Act was passed in 1854. Mr. Drummond brought it in and very ingeniously contrived the Seigniorial Court, which finally settled the disputed points relative to the tenure. Mr. Dunkin most ably and zealously explained and defended the rights of the Seigniors, and I, with the potent aid of Mr. Hincks, succeeded in getting the *lods et ventes* abolished, the Seigniors being

compensated on equitable terms out of provincial funds. Mr. Drummond and his friends wished to apply the government aid to the reduction of the heavy rents exacted by some Seigniors, but these, if unlawful, could be reduced by the Court: the *lods et ventes*, a fine of one twelfth of the value, *not of the land alone* but of *all buildings and improvements on it*, were perfectly lawful, but a hindrance to all improvement and to all free dealing with the land, while they were a constant source of attempted fraud on the Seignior and of vexation to tenants: and no fair terms of compensation by the tenants for their abolition could be contrived, because while they bore so heavily on those who wished to improve or were willing or compelled to sell their lands, they were not felt by others who had their lands from their fathers and meant to leave them to their children. Mr. Drummond for some time opposed the amendment but eventually acceded to it. The Act went into force and was perfectly successful; so completely was every difficulty removed under its operation, that in the Act passed in 1856 for codifying the Laws of Lower Canada, the Commissioners were forbidden to say any thing of the Seigniorial Tenure.

"The great ten thousand pounder Hincks."—Page 105.

It is, I hope, unnecessary to say, that this has no reference whatever to Mr. Hincks' income or fortune, but simply to the tremendous weight of metal he carried, and the great initial velocity he could give it. Sir John Macdonald brought in the Clergy Reserves Bill and carried it, with the very efficient aid of Mr. Hincks, then an independent member and not in the coalition administration. "Let both divide the Crown," for both deserve it.—The whole Civil Service of Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Francis Hincks for the Superannuation Act, an invaluable boon to every member of the service, and not the less so to the Government when wisely used,—as of course it will always be. I never assisted with greater pleasure in preparing any Bill than this.

H. M. Ephemeral Government.—Page 108.

This was a Conservative *Coup d'Etat*. In his late Pamphlet "A Constitutional Governor" Mr Todd records it thus:—

"In 1858, upon the defeat of Mr. John A Macdonald's ministry by an adverse vote in the Legislative Assembly upon the question of the Seat of

Government, the Governor General (Sir Edmund Head) appointed the Brown-Dorion Administration Before the new Ministers had taken their seats, or announced their policy, the Legislative Assembly passed a Vote declaring a Want of Confidence in them. They requested the Governor to dissolve Parliament. His Excellency acknowledged his obligation " to deal fairly with all political parties: but (he considered that) he had also a duty to perform to the Queen and the people of Canada, paramount to that which he owed to any one party; or to all parties whatsoever." He therefore declined to dissolve Parliament at this juncture, for stated reasons, and especially because a General Election had already taken place within a year. Upon which Mr. Brown, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, resigned office, and the late administration was recalled. "

But he does not give the picturesque movement from which the incident received (from its opponents) the name of " *The Double Shuffle.*"—The law which required that a member accepting office should resign and go to his constituents for re-election, had a proviso that this should not apply to Ministers resigning one office and accepting *another*, also ministerial, *within one month ;* so while the game of " Fox and Geese" was in progress, a little game of " Puss in the Corner" was played on the other side;—each of the old ministers accepted another office than that he had before held, and then resigned *that* and accepted his old one again And lo! each appeared in his old place in about a week: and there is no doubt that they were within the law. The question was mooted in the House (in the case of Mr. Sidney Smith) on the 7th July and decided in their favor. The same proviso is repeated in the Dominion Act 31 V. c. 25; but in the Bill of this Session (1878) words are added excepting the case of a change of Administration.

" Ninety Groats. "—Page 109.

Equal to thirty shillings or six dollars, the daily pay of a member in those times,—expressed in terms cognate to the subject.

" Fellowes' Voters or a Feed, &c."—Page 111.

The Voters were of the *fancy* kind: the feeds, if not *quite* so, had at least the angelic quality of infrequency.

Old Christ Church—Page 112.

A copy of this little poem lies in the hollow of the corner stone of the new Church. Archdeacon Lauder saw it in the *Times*, and liked it. Without knowing whose it was, he printed it at the end of his last sermon in the old Church, and the sermon and poem lie buried together in that stone.

Epitaph on By-Town—Page 132.

Mr. Lett and I cannot be jealous of each other.—I don't know whether he likes my brevity, but I delight in his powers of amplification. His force and fire almost make one imagine he writes by steam, his engine being of course high pressure and *non-condensing*. But his sentiments are noble and patriotic, and his style earnest, vigorous and manly. *Magis magisque floreat.*

The White-Wash Bill and Amendments—Page 132.

The House eventually passed the Bill, substantially in the form suggested by Mr. Verdant Green, without the Preamble, but with the Proviso "don't do so again"—Mr. Deep Black's amendment finding no seconder. Many members have since resigned under its provisions, and almost all of them have been re-elected. The Act says nothing about profits (if any) obtained by the violation of the law, leaving the question open, as a matter of conscience on which Honorable Members could scarcely have any doubt. Hamlet's Uncle had a very strong opinion on the point:—

"Then I'll look up,—
My fault is past—But oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn:—Forgive me my foul murder,—
That cannot be, since still I am possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own ambition and my Queen:—
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.

C. A. V.—Page 113.

For the benefit of unprofessional gentlemen I explain, and for that of non-cerulean ladies I translate. The letters stand for *Curia Advisare Vult*, the the court wishes to deliberate: and mean, that the judges are puzzled and don't exactly know what to say.

The Coup d'Etat—Page 134.

This was a Reform Coup d'Etat and a very clever one. It would never have done to allow Mr. Irving to make his report. Like the Conservative one immortalized on page 108 et sequ. it was perfectly within the law, and saved a wonderful amount of trouble and confusion.

Ottawa, St. George's day, 23rd April, 1878.

Leap Year Valentine.—Page 139.

This may be useful in the present or any future *Leap Year*. It is very straight forward and effective, but requires to be used with caution, as it would certainly support an action for breach, if the lady should change her mind. The Queen or the heiress apparent has a perpetual Leap year, and proposes to whom she pleases, and in the latest case on record was gratefully accepted

Something about Rag-money.—Page 140.

I have always had a horror of irredeemable paper, and helped, with pleasure, to demolish any little bill or scheme tending that way: and I have known even M P.'s with a leaning towards it. I must have had some attempt of the sort in my mind when I dreamt the dream I have recorded. Mr. Wallace was a ring leader in favor of the Rag.

In Memoriam—Sir George Etienne Cartier.—Page 142.

This Tribute to Sir George came warm from my heart.

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

The article from the "*Week*" is not mine, but is good, and I know it to be true. The French verses are from the graceful pen of Mr. Benjamin Sulte, of the Militia Department, an intimate friend of Sir George and a sincere mourner for his loss. The Ministers who spoke at the unveiling of the statute, were Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin.

In Memoriam, Sept., 1760—Page 150.

I read the original of this in the St. Jean Baptiste day's No. of *La Patrie*, and thought it very good. And remembering Lord Byron's lines about Marceau,

"Our Enemy, but let not that forbid
"Honour to Marceau.—He kept,
"The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."—

I translated Dr. Frechette's tribute to our brave enemy, Lévis, and sent it to the author, who liked it and got it printed in *The Montreal Gazette*, and at the same time wrote and printed in *La Patrie* the following very kind and elegant notice of my " Waifs "—

Bibliographie.

Waifs in verse *by G. W. Wicksteed Q. C. à Montréal, chez Lovell*, 1878.— Comme on le voit ce volume de vers n'est pas tout ce qu'il y a de plus récent. Mais l'auteur ne date pas d'hier non plus, puisqu'il a aujourd'hui plus de 84 ans.

Pour faire de la poésie jusqu'à cet âge, tout en s'occupant de compiler des statuts ; (M. Wicksteed est ce qu'on appelle ici greffier en loi de la chambre des communes,) il faut avoir bien conservé la fraîcheur de ses illusions, et surtout avoir, comme lui, un talent très remarquable servi par un grand amour du travail.

Mr. Wicksteed a été attaché depuis plus de cinquante ans à notre Législature, à Québec, à Montréal, à Kingston, à Toronto, et à Ottawa. Toute notre histoire si accidentée, si dramatique, depuis 1830, s'est déroulée sous ses yeux

Il fut l'ami de Papineau, de Viger, de Vallières et de Lafontaine. C'est lui qui traduisit les fameuses 92 *Résolutions*. Dans sa préface il rend ce témoignage aux patriotes de 1837 : " Ils n'auraient pas dû se révolter, dit-il ; mais après tout ils luttaient pour obtenir ce que nous nous battrions tous aujourd'hui pour conserver." Ce mot peint admirablement l'esprit qui règne dans ce fin recuil de poésies détachées, où l'enthousiasme du patriote se mêle à la verve caustique du chansonnier, la note légèrement sentimentale avec la petite pointe du satiriste de bonne humeur. C'est là un petit volume fort intéressant sous bien des rapports, et pour lequel nous offrons nos plus sincères remerciements à l'auteur —*La Patrie*, 15 *July*, 1884.

Dr. Frechette, is our best French Canadian Poet, tho' others are very good, and has been crowned as such in France. I was pleased at being " *laudatus à laudato*, "—and I may say, I hope without vanity, that I think his Poem and my translation, very fair contributions to French and English Canadian literature.

The Queen's Jubilee, 1837–87.—Page 160.

By the kind assistance of Mr. Johnson, of the *Ottawa Citizens*, my " Jubilate " appeared in it, on the morning of the 21st of June, the appointed

day of Jubilee; and on that day, immediately after the morning Service in Christ Church, I had the pleasure of receiving the most kind congratulation of a great number of my friends, the very foremost of whom was the Honble. Sir Alexander Campbell, now Lieut. Governor of Ontario; a circonstance which for many reasons highly gratified me. There was no "damning with faint praise,"—the congratulations were hearty and appreciative, and I was and very thankful for them. His Excellency the Governor General very kindly sent the *Jubilate* home to be laid before the Queen; and subsequently wrote me word that he has been instructed by Her Majesty to convey Her thanks to me. The National Anthem and introductory letter appeared in the *Citizen* on *Dominion Day* the 1st of July, 1887.

APPENDIX.

Standard Time.

Editor Law Journal,

Sir,

The difference of local time according to longitude having been found very inconvenient by the managers of railways in Canada and the United States, especially as to their time tables, a conference of these gentlemen was held in 1883, at which it was decided to recommend for adoption a system of *standard time* by which railways should be run, each 15° of longitude (one hour in time) to form a time zone, within which all railways should be run by it; the time of the centre meridian of each zone being taken as the standard for the seven and a-half degrees on each side of it, and that of 75° of west longitude from Greenwich being chosen as the standard to be used by railways within the territory bounded by the meridians of 67½° and 82½°, including the Atlantic States and a large part of Canada. The same rule was to be observed for the whole distance across our continent. This system was nominally adopted by a very large majority of the American and Canadian railways. But it was found difficult to abide by it in some cases, in consequence of the sudden jump of an hour in time in passing from one time zone to another, as many railways in both countries must do; and it seems the Grand Trunk, Great Western and Canadian Pacific are each run into two time zones within Ontario, and the Intercolonial into two such zones in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There must be many railways in the United States which violate the conference rule in like manner, and this is a very great imperfection in the rule itself. But this is a matter for the consideration of the railway magnates themselves. The matter to which I desire to call your attention is the legal aspect of the case.

Many people (not lawyers, of course) seem to suppose that standard time has become *legal* time, and seem inclined to govern themselves and their doings by it, thus putting the railway managers in the place of the Legislature. Now, looking for the moment at Ontario alone, standard time at London is about twenty-four minutes earlier than legal time; and there are

places in Essex where the jump occurs from one time zone to another, and at which standard time is an hour earlier on one side of an invisible line than on the other. Now our Act 32-33 V., c. 21, § 1, defines "night" for the purposes of that Act as commencing at "nine o'clock in the evening of each day and ending at six o'clock in the morning of the next succeeding day," so that by standard time it would be night on one side of the line when it was day on the other; and by sec. 50, *burglary* is defined to be the commission of certain offences in the *night* only, so that the same offence would be burglary on one side of the line and not on the other. Mr. Robertson, of Hamilton, has now a Bill before the House of Commons making burglary punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. Fancy a man tried for burglary in the neighbourhood of that line, and a question arising as to the hour when the offence was committed. But, even in London, the offence would be burglary twenty-four minutes earlier in the evening by standard than by legal time, and the offender, if he did not break in, would have twenty-four minutes longer to break out. Then, again, the Ontario Revised Statute, c. 111, §22, provides that no Registrar shall receive any instrument for registration except within the hours of ten in the forenoon and four in the afternoon, and he is to endorse on the instrument registered not only the year, month and day, but the hour and *minute* of registration. Now, suppose him to shut and open his office in London by standard time; he would shut it twenty-four minutes before and open it twenty-four minutes before legal time. Might he not do serious wrong to a person whose mortgage or other claim he received or refused illegally? And might he not be liable in heavy damages for doing so? Or suppose a Returning Officer closing or opening his poll twenty-four minutes before or after the legal time; or a tavern-keeper doing the same by his bar; or a case of insurance with a policy expiring at noon, and a loss occurring after *standard* but before *legal* noon or vice versâ, And so of an infinite variety of cases, where time is the essence of the act done and its effect.

In England, where they look closely into the consequences of such things, difficulties of this kind were foreseen when Greenwich time was adopted for all England in 1880, and an Act, 43-44 V. c. 9, was passed making it *legal time*, which, of course, they knew it would not otherwise be. I can believe that the advantages of the change may there have been greater than the disadvantages; for England is comparatively small, and the greatest difference between standard and the old legal time is only about twenty-two minutes, and there is no jump of an hour; the sea bounds the time zone, so that no one can mistake it; and they have taken care to leave Dublin time for

Ireland. Our case, and that of the United States, is different. We have five jumps of one hour each; and with all due respect for the railway authorities, I think it would have been better if they had adopted or would adopt the time of 90° west longitude as the standard for the United States and Canada right across the continent—one railway time without jumps or breaks, and the two oceans for the limits of the time zone: leaving local time for the ordinary purposes of life. A clock with two hour and minute hands, or hands with two points, would show legal and standard time at once; and there would be no places with two standard times, as there are now at the boundary of each time zone. I am informed that the authorities of the Naval Observatory at Washington hold the same opinion.—If any but the present legal time is to be used as such the change *should be made by law*, as it was in England. In the United States, it appears, that every State has power to fix its own legal time; Congress has it only for the District of Columbia (ten miles square, I believe), and has exercised the power by an Act adopting standard time of 75° west longitude. But the said district is smaller than England, and there could hardly be a minute of time difference between any two places in it. In Canada, I think the power rests with the Dominion Government, except in relation to subjects under the exclusive control of the Local Legislatures. I am of opinion that there should be no change in the legal time; that Canada is too big to adopt one *legal* time for its sixty or seventy degrees of longitude, and that no jump system could be made rational and workable in law. I hold that the Dominion Government and the Governments of the several Provinces should state authoritatively that the mean solar time of each place remains as hitherto the legal time thereat, and that all officers and functionaries must so consider it, and open and close their offices and be governed in the performance of their duties by it and by no other.

At the International Conference for the purpose of fixing a prime meridian and universal day, held at Washington in October last, such Universal Day to begin and end at the same moment all over the world as it does at Greenwich, was adopted "for all the purposes for which it may be found convenient, and which shall not interfere with the use of local or other standard time where desirable." It would have made the day at Toronto begin at seventeen and a-half minutes before what we now call seven p. m. and Sunday would begin at that time on Saturday. I think this would not be "found convenient," and that we in Canada shall not adopt it. It has always been used at Greenwich, I believe, for astronomical purposes, except that the day began at noon, and is to begin at midnight. It is excellent for

scientific puposes; and, for the adoption of Greenwich as the first meridian, England, and all men of English blood and tongue owe a debt of gratitude to the Conference and to Sandford Fleming.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

W.

This was written on the adoption of the (so called) Standard Time by the railway authorities, and when many people fancied that it had become *legal time;* a fancy which might have led to very serious consequences I had asked some questions of the authorities of the Observatory at Washington and of the Astronomer Royal, and received very courteous answers. The gentlemen at Washington thought with me, that the better plan would be, one railway time, (that of 90o West,) across the contiennt, and the Astronomer Royal seemed to incline the same way, as it would agree better with that adopted in England and with his grander plan hereinafter mentioned. The Railway gentlemen preferred their own plan, as for railway purposes they had a perfect right to do. I have mentioned some of the objections to its adoption for general purposes. To these the Astronomer Royal assented, but answered that they could be overcome by legislation as in England, and the District of Columbia, and as I had suggested. I called the attention of the Minister of Justice to the matter, and he agreed with us, but thought it would be wise to pause before adopting *any* new scheme, saying there could be no doubt that the old mode of reckoning time is and would remain the legal one until altered by law. I hope that Registrars, Returning Officers, and other public functionaries, have seen that it is so, and governed themselves accordingly. Even for railway purposes the *Zone* scheme is imperfect; the Zones have never been defined, and meridian lines which no body can find will not do for bounding them; if made legal they must be defined by known metes and bounds.

The Astronomer Royal, Mr. Fleming, and the Longitude Conference, have propounded a grand scheme for a Universal Day and one Time for the whole world. It is admirable for scientific purposes, tho' perhaps, for the reason I have mentioned, not quite convenient for every day purposes; And is it quite consistent with the Conference decision to reckon Longitude East and West, 180o each way; and may not the several nations of the world possibly object to be ruled by England, which would alone have a natural and naturally divided day, in domestic time reckoning, tho' they may consent to be so as to the nautical matter of longitude: the plan may however come into general use before *Volapuk*, the Scientific Universal language.

The 24 hours day is excellent, and for Time tables especially so, and has been long used in Italy and elsewhere ; but its use must be optional with A. M. and P. M , and ladies must have five o'clock or seventeeen o'clock tea at their pleasure.

SOCIALISM.

What is Socialism ? What do Socialists want, and believe they have a right to insist upon ? The fullest and most direct answers to these questions seem to be those contained in an article by Annie Besant. in the July number, 1886, of the *Westminster Review*. She begins by quoting the saying of Professor Huxley, " that he would rather have been born a savage in one of the Fiji Islands than in a London slum,"—declares the Professor right, and gives reasons, not easily disputable by those who know what a London slum is, for the declaration. She then states the growth of the doctrine she expounds: the decay of religious belief among the classes interested, the influence of foreign writers, more especially the German, and the modification of their doctrine by the habits of English life and their Democratic tendency, and says that " no mere abuse can shake the Socialist; no mere calling of names can move him ; he holds a definite economic theory, which should neither be rejected without examination, nor accepted without study." She maintains that Socialists assent to all the sound doctrines of political economy, and more especially that capital is the unconsumed result of past and present labor : but they hold,—that individual property in land must disappear, that the soil on which a nation is born and lives ought to belong to the nation as a whole and be cultivated by individuals and co-operative groups holding directly under the State ; that capital always has been, and must be, obtained from the partial confiscation of the results of the labor of others, and is not found in the hands of the laborious and industrious, but of the idlers who have profited by such confiscation. She says,—the laborer is not free ; nominally he may be, but in reality he is no more free than the slave. The slave is free to refuse to work, and take in exchange the lash, the prison, and the grave, and such freedom only has the laborer ; if he refuses to work he must take the lash of hunger, the prison of the workhouse, or, for continued refusal, the gaol. The remedy is the abolition of the landlord and the capitalist Interest on capital has no place in Socialism, strongly as it protests against the whole system of which landlords and capitalists form an integral part, it reserves its uttermosts reprobation for the

theory which justifies a class of the latter in living solely on money drawn as interest on investments So long as capital remains in private hands interest will be demanded and paid perforce for its use, and so long there will be an idle class ; a burden on the industrious who may labor for their support. Socialism aims at rendering the existence of an idle class impossible. Healthy adults will have to work for things thay require. The very young, the old, the sick, will be free from labor ; but for the strong and mature no bread of idleness, no sponging upon the people. In thus condemning an idle class, socialism does not assail the individuals who now compose it ; they are not to blame for the social conditions in which they were born ; it is one of the most hopeful signs for the Socialistic movement that many who are working in it belong to the very classes that will be abolished by it ; they can do no good by throwing their fortunes away, and plunging into the present competitive struggle ; all they can do is to live simply, and use their position as a pedestal on which to place their advocacy of Socialist propaganda. There is no fear that individualism will be crushed. Exhausting toil and growing anxiety, these crush out individuality and stifle genius. Socialism will give leisure as well as work to all, lift the burden of care from all shoulders, and allow time to think and to endeavour. She adopts the doctrine of Malthus, except his objection to early marriages, for which she would substitute prudential restraint, and twits him quietly of having eleven children, thinks the doctrine is essential to the success of Socialism, and that highly educated women, full of interest in public work, and taking their share of public duty, will not consent to spend year after year of their prime in nothing but expecting, bearing, and suckling babies, and she concludes with the following emphatic passage :

" A glance backward over the history of our own country since the Reform Bill of 1732 opened the gate of political power to those outside the sacred circle of the aristocracy, will tell how an unconscious movement towards Socialism has been steadily growing in strength. Our Factory Acts, our Mine Regulation Acts, our Land Acts, all show the set of the current. The idea of the State as an outside power is fading, and the idea of the State as an organized community is coming into prominence. In the womb of time the new organism is growing ; shall the new birth come in peace or in revolution, heralded by patient endeavour, or by the roar of cannon ? This one thing I know, that come it will, whether men work for it or hinder ; for all the mighty forces of evolution make for Socialism, for the establishment of the brotherhood of man."

The article, of which I have endeavoured to give the substance in a condensed form, is inserted in the "independent section" of the *Review*, set apart "for the reception of able articles which, though harmonizing with its general spirit, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates." Very able indeed the writer shows herself in the statement of the views and intentions of Socialism, and it is well that these should be widely known, for they concern us all. Forewarned is forearmed, and knowing what they are we shall be better prepared to deal with them, and they strike at the very root of civilization and progress, in abolishing the right of property, and forbidding a man's enjoying or leaving to his children the enjoyment of the fruit of his labour, which is the great motive of exertion, bodily or mental.

To all fair means of promoting the more general distribution of wealth, and diminishing the hardships of poverty,—by representation, by the association of workers, and by laws such as the writer refers to as passed by the British Parliament, there is no objection, and I rejoice with her at the spirit which led to their enactment. The writer has told us what she wishes for, but she has not told us by what means her wishes are to be carried into effect, or what are the enactments by which she would provide for the division of all existing wealth equally among all, furnishing all with work equally well paid, and compelling them to perform it. The raising of the common fund, and the division of it equally among all would be no easy matter, and requires explanation. The scheme of general confiscation would probably be resisted. There must be government of some kind to enforce it, and we have a right to know how such government is to be constituted and maintained. The proper carrying out of the Malthusian doctrine which the writer declares (very truly) to be essential to the success of Socialism, would require some rather difficult and delicate legislation. With every wish to believe in her good intentions, I can hardly think the writer expects to induce the millionaire to divide his millions with the labourers by moral suasion; and indeed her last paragraph would seem to imply—"quietly if possible, forcibly if we must." There may be a gentle touch of dynamite in her "come it will." To me her scheme seems absurd as it is dangerous, and to be possible only if and when it shall please heaven to endue all of us with equal strength of arm and brain, with the same powers, wants, and wishes, and with such perfect faith in the Socialist dispensation as will preclude all desire of progress or improvement of condition.—What may come to pass in Europe, with its ever increasing population and apparent want of useful employment for it, I do not know: the prospect is not bright, and

even *Punch* speaks anxiously in words and cartoon, and the Laureate denounces it in patriotic and prophetic verse. But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may,' and that shaping will be for good. In America there is less reason for anxiety. The Knights of Labor do not adopt Socialism or Anarchy; and in *Harper's Weekly* of 6th November last there is and excellent article by P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in which he maintains there is no antagonism between labor and capital which cannot be easily overcome.—He says, "Every man of industrious habits may hope to become a capitalist; indeed, the desire to accumulate is one of the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of society, it supplies the basis for individual energy and activity. I have no sympathy with men who claim that might is right, and that the rich owe the poor a living" Let us try to diminish the amount of poverty, and to mitigate its evils by legislation in the spirit of that referred to with approval by Annie Besant, and by all other means that wisdom may suggest; there is the highest authority for doing this, by the exercise of brotherly love and christian charity in the highest sense of the words, but none for confiscation, robbery, or violence. Poverty has its hardships, and we must strive earnestly to remove or diminish them; but difference of wealth or station has but a limited influence on human happiness, and is a far less evil than what Socialism proposes to substitute for it:

> Order is heaven's first law, and this confessed
> Some are—nay, must be greater than the rest;
> More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
> That such are happier, shocks all commons sence.

W.

The Week, 1887.

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